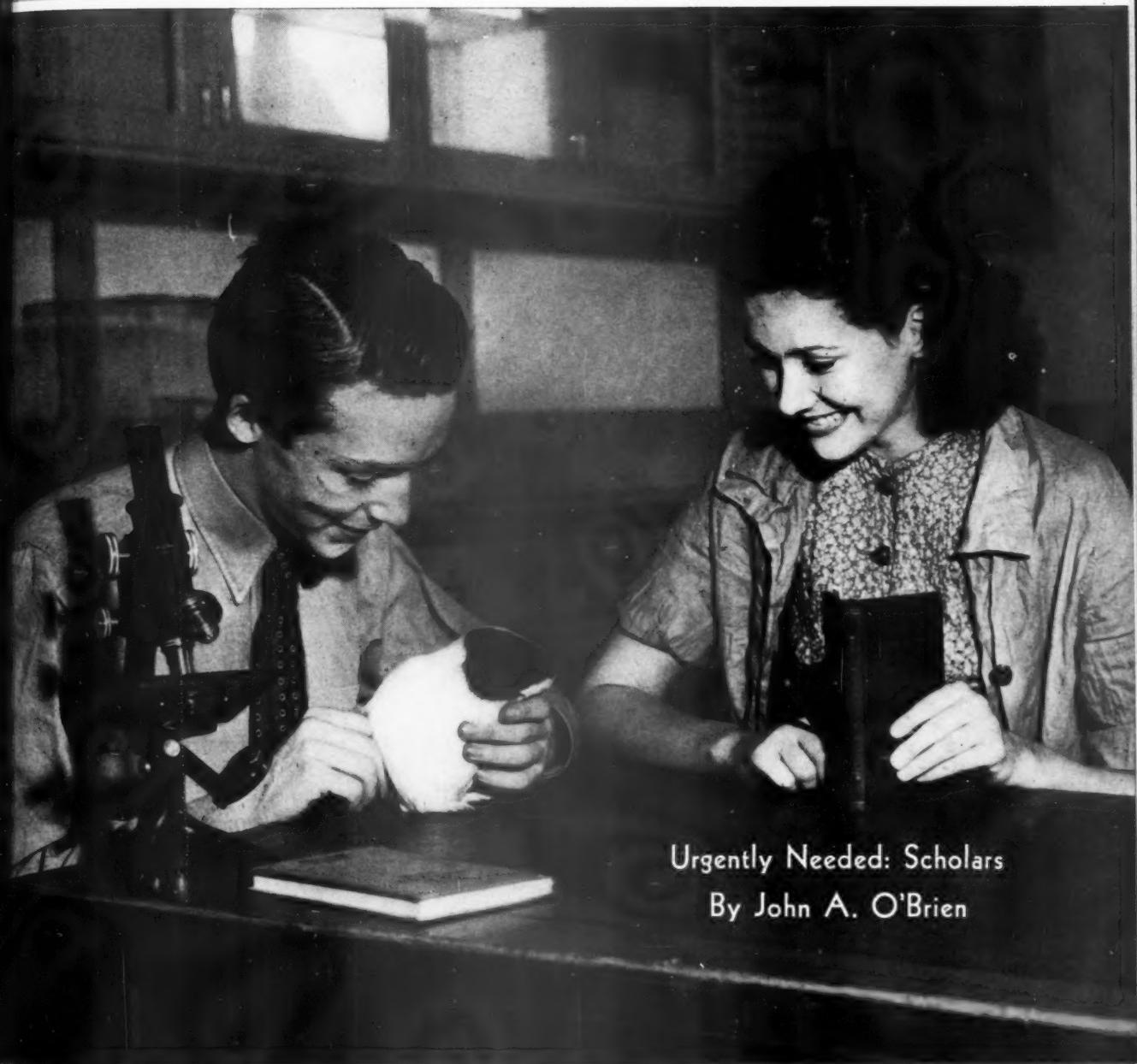


THE *Sign*

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



Urgently Needed: Scholars
By John A. O'Brien

Woeful Frontiers--Barrett McGurn
Hallett Abend—Ted LeBerthon—William Smith

October 1946
Price 20c

America finds a new, easy way to save

OUT of the war has come one blessing—a lesson in thrift for millions of those who never before had learned to save.

Enrolled under the Payroll Savings Plan in thousands of factories, offices, and stores, over 27 million American wage earners were purchasing "E" Bonds alone at the rate of about \$6 billion dollars worth a year by the time V-J Day arrived.

With War Bond Savings automatically deducted from their wages every week, thrift was "painless" to these wage earners. At the end of the war, many who never before had bank accounts could scarcely believe the savings they held.

The moral was plain to most. Here was a new, easy way to save; one as well suited to the future as to the past. Result: Today, millions of Americans are continuing to buy, through their Payroll Savings Plan, not War Bonds, but their peacetime equivalent—U. S. Savings Bonds.



From war to peace! War Bonds are now known as U. S. Savings Bonds, bring the same high return—\$25 for every \$18.75 at maturity.



Out of pay—into nest eggs! A wage earner can choose his own figure, have it deducted regularly from earnings under Payroll Savings Plan.



New homes to own! Thousands of new homes, like this, will be partially paid for through Bonds wisely accumulated during the next five to ten years.



Keeping cost of living in check! Buying only needed plentiful goods and saving the money which would bid up prices of scarce goods keeps your cost of living from rising. Save automatically—regularly.

Weekly Savings	SAVINGS AND INTEREST ACCUMULATED	
	In 1 Year	In 10 Years
\$ 3.75	\$195.00	\$2,163.45
6.25	325.00	3,607.54
7.50	390.00	4,329.02
9.38	487.76	5,416.97
12.50	650.00	7,217.20
15.00	780.00	8,660.42
18.75	975.00	10,828.74

Savings chart. Plan above shows how even modest weekly savings can grow into big figures. Moral: Join your Payroll Savings Plan next payday.

SAVE THE EASY WAY...
BUY YOUR BONDS
THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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Personal Mention

► Hallett Abend was born in Portland, Oregon. He attended Stanford University and became City Editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. For over fifteen years he was Far Eastern correspondent for the *New York Times* and has been a Pulitzer Prize winner. Among his many books are *Ramparts of the Pacific*, *Treaty Ports*, and last August, *Reconquest*.

► Leslie Gordon Barnard, a Canadian, lives in Montreal, where he gives all his time to writing fiction, especially short stories. His novel, *Jancis*, won top ranking in the Quebec Government Awards in 1940. His short stories have appeared in most of the major magazines. A second volume of them, *So Near Is Grandeur*, was published last year.

► Ted Le Berthon was born in San Francisco and was educated there and in Los Angeles. He has done newspaper work in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Until recently he was an assistant editor of the *Catholic Digest* and is a contributing editor of the *Negro Digest*.

► Barrett McGurn is head of the Rome bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune*. During the war he was an overseas correspondent for *Yank, the Army Weekly*. He covered the invasion of various Pacific islands. In fifteen months he covered 39,000 miles in the Pacific. He is a native of New York and a graduate of Fordham.

► Rev. Forbes Monaghan, S.J., has spent most of his life as a Jesuit in the Philippines, part of the time as a prisoner of the Japs, first at Santo Tomas, then in Los Banos from which he was liberated by General MacArthur's troops. His article, "The Story of Billy," will be incorporated in his book, *Under the Red Sun*, which will be published by the Declan X. McMullen Co. to coincide with Mission Sunday.

► Rev. John A. O'Brien brought out about a decade ago a symposium, *Catholics and Scholarship*, published by Our Sunday Visitor Press. In it were incorporated the results of a nation-wide survey of Catholics in the collegiate field. In his article, "Urgently Needed: Scholars," Dr. O'Brien returns to this problem with new data. He is on the faculty of Notre Dame.

THE Sign

Monastery Place, Union City, N.J.



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Editorial

Soviet Russia and Peace

INSTEAD of collaborating with other nations in a sincere effort to establish peace, the Soviet Union gives every evidence of preparing for another war.

It is in anticipation of this war that Soviet leaders have pushed Russia's boundaries and spheres of influence westward and eastward far beyond the fondest hopes of imperialist Czars. They are wooing the German and Japanese peoples in an effort to win their allegiance to Communism and thus utilize their great man-power and military resources. Because of the strategic positions of Austria and Korea, they refuse to take steps to depart from these "liberated" countries.

The Russians are maintaining vast armies, out of all proportion to military needs, in occupied countries of Eastern Europe, the Balkans, Manchuria, and Korea. Like the Nazis, they are sacrificing butter for guns through their five-year plans which are aimed at increasing Soviet military potential to equal and if possible surpass that of the democracies.

These moves on the part of Soviet Russia should not be surprising to anyone with even a passing knowledge of Communism. It is the rankest heresy for a Communist to believe that peace is possible in a non-Communist world. It is a fundamental tenet of Communism that under a capitalist system of world economy wars are inevitable. When Stalin and Molotov negotiate peace, they do so with the firm belief and hope that the resultant peace will be only an armed truce leading to bigger and better wars, which in turn will pave the way for the spread of Communism.

NATURALLY, the Reds hope for wars between capitalist countries because the more they are weakened the greater becomes relative Soviet strength. In fact Stalin has called such wars "our greatest ally." Stalin has no illusions on this point however. As a Communist, he is a firm believer in the inevitable final conflict between the capitalist and the Communist worlds. In his recently revised book, *Problems of Leninism*, the *Mein Kampf* of the Red Fascists, he declares: "It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states—ultimately one or the other must conquer."

In view of the principles to which they adhere, it is simple logic for the Soviet leaders to show no faith in the United Nations, to hamper its attempts to reorganize a peaceful world, and to sabotage the efforts of the democratic states to conclude just and viable peace treaties with the conquered powers. And this is exactly what they have been doing since the cessation of hostilities.

IN spite of all the fine words of Soviet leaders intended to demonstrate to the world in general and to naive Americans in particular their love of peace, the facts are becoming patent to all who read anything more intelligent than the comics or the pink press.

It is essential that the American people understand Soviet policies and actions for what they really are and not be led astray by bigoted outcries of "a Vatican-inspired crusade against Soviet Russia." In dealing with Russia we are not bickering with a former ally over trivialities. We are faced with the most powerful totalitarian state of modern times, led by men who hate our religious, political, and economic beliefs, and who burn with a feverish desire to exterminate them by ruse or by force. These men are restrained by no moral principles. The end they seek justifies in their eyes any means they may use in attaining it. They will strike against us at the first opportunity and are probably held in check now only by fear of the atom bomb, which some misguided Americans would hand over to them.

THE one great obstacle to world domination by Soviet Russia is U. S. military power. However little we may like it, we must maintain that power at such a degree of efficiency and concentrated at such strategic points that the Soviet Union will fear to attack. Any other course, however idealistically inspired, would endanger our national existence and expose Europe and the world to the tender mercies of the Red Fascists of the Kremlin.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current

FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS

In Picture

And

In Print



Acme

From Lt. General to jewelry salesman. It looks like a setback for Japanese Ritsuhei Ogiu. But it might be a success story. It is, if war mania is dead and love of peace born.



International

When the Marine Corps brought refugees from Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, this mother and child were among them. Her face is argument enough for liberalizing immigration quotas.

IT HAS taken a long time for Americans to wake up to the international facts of life. It has taken much too long for the you-can't-do-business-with-Hitler-but-you-can-with-Stalin school of thought and expression to be discredited. The danger of a third world war is now seen as no dreary imagining of despairing pessimists. In

Europe and in Asia, U. S. troops are facing the Red Army. Along all these officially friendly zonal fronts there have been "incidents," military clashes. Yugoslavia's shooting down of American planes is but one in a series of actions calculated to test whether the U. S. means what it says or will retreat rather than fight. Russia may flex its own or one of its puppets' muscles a bit too tauntingly along the Morgan Line or the 28th Parallel in Korea. Incidents may get out of hand. The stage is certainly set. And it is becoming the conviction of many in Washington that the issue of war with Russia is only a question of when.

Some want it now, while we have the secret of the atom bomb, while Russia is still weakened from the last senseless conflict. Some want it to be postponed as long as possible. Even though they are not counting on an eleventh hour reprieve, still by waiting there is always the hope that reason may yet prevail.

At the basis of this war-consciousness is the realization that Russia was really not seeking merely "friendly" governments along her borders. Voicing this conviction a year or two ago, as voice it we did in these columns, was hooted down as being baselessly suspicious and disruptive of Allied unity. Now it is recognized that all along Russia was seeking control of all Europe, of all Asia, of all the world. Methodically, resolutely, vigorously or subtly as the case may require, the Soviet goes on building its totalitarian bastions. To officials in Washington, London, Chungking, and the European capitals, and to all the peoples despairing of peace in our time, Hitler's *Nervenkrieg* was never worse than this Soviet war of nerves.

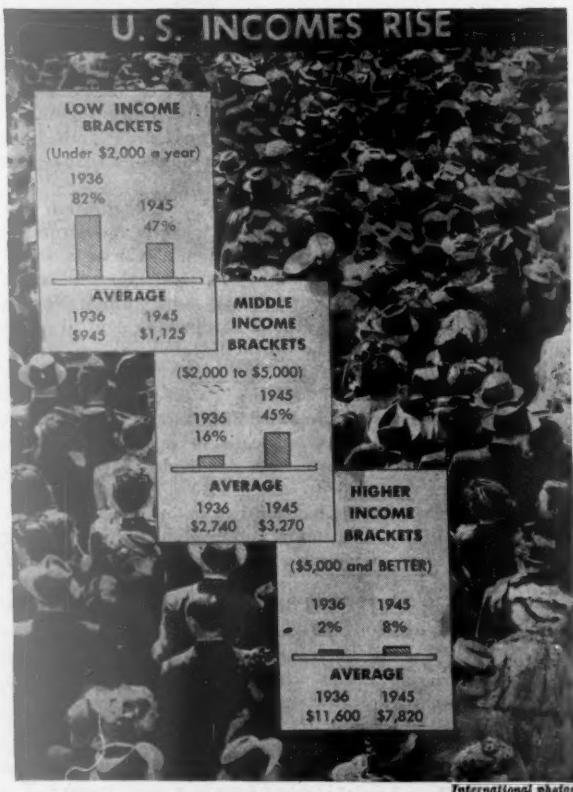
AT PARIS Russian strategy has had two main objectives. Both of them are military. The one is a minimum, the other is the desideratum. They are harmonized on the principle that if

you can't have the whole pie, then it's better to get the biggest piece. The minimum military objective is Trieste and the Dardanelles. With Trieste pocketed, the United States and Britain cannot get into the Balkans. With the Dardanelles controlled, they cannot get at the soft underbelly of Russia. And if Soviet plans work out in the Middle East, then the U. S. and Britain cannot get needed oil. These are obviously mighty factors should war come.

Meanwhile the major objective at Paris has been to bring the delegates and the anxious world to the conviction that prospects for a decent peace are only forlorn hopes. It is a



Ted Williams and Babe Ruth, both home run kings, both Red Sox players who made good—a generation apart. It's good to have a baseball World Series in a peace-jittery age.



Since 1936 there has been a significant change in our economy. The middle class is increasing. But note: combined income of 70% of the families is still less than \$60 a week.

strategy calculated to make America pull out of Europe in disgust, to arouse all the old sentiments of isolation here at home. The strategy is shrewd—where we pull out, Russia spills in. Nature is not alone in abhorring a vacuum.

The Commies here at home have made the Soviet blueprint glaringly clear, lest some there be who still feel that Russia is merely being misunderstood. Out in San Francisco last month, William Z. Foster laid down the party line: get the U. S. out of China; get the British out of Palestine; get the British and the French out of the Far East; stop the U. S. from meddling with the Dardanelles settlement and Soviet-Turkish relations. The crusade to bring occupation troops home is not as noble as it seems.

The only human agency that can now stop the tide toward Russian-American hostility is for Russia in her own self-interest to call a hasty halt. Secretary Byrnes' speech at Stuttgart meant nothing unless it meant that. The U. S. is in the international game to stay. If we won't be intimidated, we may have to fight. It's as horribly simple as that. In the meantime, it looks as though we are going to have to go on praying for peace. God is our last hope. Too bad so many didn't think of Him as the first.

AT LAST, judging from various polls and editorial pages, the American people are catching on to the cleverness and effectiveness of Leftist propaganda. They are becoming aware

that it originates in the Kremlin and can trace no kinship with truth. And Americans who believed it don't like the thought of having been duped.

The tide is turning. Imagine a newsreel shot of Stalin and Molotov being booed and hissed in a New York theater as recently as a year ago! Yet it happened the other night. For those Americans who feel uncomfortable after having swallowed all the tainted information the Leftists served, it might be well to re-examine the attitude toward Spain.

It will be recalled that at one time Mikhailevitch of Yugoslavia was quite a hero in American eyes. Communist propaganda was strong enough to discredit him, to turn the American people away from him, to lead us officially to embrace ex-Comintern leader Tito. Mikhailevitch has been killed. Tito has kicked us in the teeth. And Americans don't like the way they were misled. It's time they began to wonder if they aren't still being misled by Communist propaganda about Franco and Spain. For as certain as sunrise, they are.

The parallel is striking. Russia wanted control of Spain and of Yugoslavia. In both cases she was opposed, in one by Franco, in the other by Mikhailevitch. In the latter, Tito, fresh from Moscow, won. In the former, the Russian agents had to flee. Franco won, and the Soviet has never forgiven him. With a citadel in Spain, Russia would have had control of all Europe by now.

Just as Mikhailevitch was slandered and disgraced in the eyes of the world, so is Franco now. The same honored epithets abound—Fascist, Nazi stooge, dictator, collaborator, and so on. History is rewritten to make the outcome of the Spanish Civil War to be the triumph of reactionary Moors, Germans, and Italians over democratic Spaniards. These Spaniards must now be saved by overthrowing the *Caudillo*. If he is not overthrown, then the peace of the world is threatened. And so it goes, in the very teeth of facts on record and the course of current events.

When Franco shoots down American planes, when Franco occupies weaker nations, when Franco throws an iron curtain around his domains and forces 6 per cent of the population into slave labor, when Franco sends his agents to bore into the social structure and the government itself of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, the various nations of the Orient and Europe and South America and Africa, when Franco sends his spies to ferret out atomic secrets, when

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Franco goes on record as mapping a world design for revolution, then will we believe he is a threat to world peace. In the meantime, all Americans should refuse to buy another bill of goods, whether it be vouched for by Mr. Noel-Baker, Dr. Negrin, Dr. Giral, or by Dr. Lange and Mr. Gromyko.

Mr. BYRNES' speech at Stuttgart was for the most part a nobly Christian statement of what ought to be done with Germany. While not exactly expressing penitence for concessions of principle already attributable to U. S. foreign policy, he did make a firm purpose of amendment on the matter of drawing boundary lines.

"Except as here indicated," he said, "the United States will not support encroachments on territory which is indisputably German or any division of Germany which is not genuinely desired by the people concerned." In pointing to the people as the final court of appeal in a frontier dispute, Mr. Byrnes returns to the basic principle governing the establishment of states.

It is the people who bind themselves to the obligations of citizenship and it is they who have the right to decide by whom and how those duties will be exacted. Even defeated countries should not have their territory arbitrarily hacked by greedy neighbors and their compromising allies. We have gotten so used to hearing contradictory statistics on the ethnic groups in disputed territories and more or less plausible demands for safeguarding security by mutually distrusting nations, that we are almost hoodwinked into overlooking the one relatively simple procedure for ending boundary disputes—to ask the people what *they* want. If their answer doesn't always jibe with what the Foreign Ministers would find most conducive to amicable map drawing, this could be rectified by a readjustment of reparation claims. But it is unjust and shortsighted to make people either vacate their established homes or change their allegiance to an alien power just because four men draw a new line on a map. The people know what they want and, above all else, they want to be asked to state their choice.

It is no fun being away from home for the first time. Kid soldiers can be lonely even in a barracks full of men. Worse still, a cot in a veterans' hospital can breed some of the bitterness of hell when a man has lost an arm or leg for a peaceful world and then watches the world's peacemakers haggle and bungle and spin fine phrases

unmatched by deeds. The job of keeping up soldier and sailor morale, which in its finer manifestations means the practice of charity, is still facing the USO during this year and 1947. Throughout next year there will still be a million and a half men in the U. S. armed forces. And now that the wartime glamour of a uniform is gone, they will need the aids and diversions provided by the USO more than ever. Catholic boys will be looking for that special atmosphere found in the clubs provided by the National Catholic Community Service, our branch of the USO.

During October, 849 Community Chests launch a united drive for funds under the joint title, "Community Chests of America." The goal is \$162,000,000. Out of this sum must come eleven and a half of the nineteen million dollars needed to carry on the USO work for another year. Hence this year contributors to these Community Chest drives will be benefiting, not only local social work such as youth services, day nurseries, maternity homes, health clinics, and the like, but also the far-flung activities of the USO.

During the war, "morale building" was a cover-all term which included some pretty ugly things at times. The shows weren't always clean; and the victory girls weren't always just

October, 1946



Object of warring nations since the Trojan Wars 3000 years ago—the Dardanelles. It is evident from the map why Russia wants control, why Turkey, Britain, the U. S. say no.



Tito is touchy about Yugoslav sovereignty. His anti-aircraft corps is trigger-happy. Border incidents happen much too often. Tito's planting dynamite where it could easily go off.



Walkouts like this were plentiful and the shipping paralysis was on. We need more responsible trade unionists and a wiser pre-strike procedure to halt these tragic disputes.



Wide World
New York's billion dollar skyline seen from a Staten Is. ferry. A picture lesson of vulnerability to atomic attack. An atomic control program is still most important of all.



Acme
A study in kinship. Daniel Duke demonstrates the tie-up between the Klan and the Nazi Bund. The Bund is outlawed, but class hatred lives on; only popular indignation can kill it.



Tanks on the streets of Jerusalem, city of peace. Incongruous but necessary. Terrorism, rioting, and sabotage will plague Palestine until the Jews find a haven elsewhere.

gracious little hostesses who served doughnuts and coffee and helped the boys to keep their minds on the folks back home. But that wasn't the fault of the USO ideal. And this ideal did bring a touch of home to many a lonesome soldier, to many a seeker of congenial company, to many a lover of wholesome fun, and to many a GI's travel-weary wife, who was glad to find a place to warm the baby's bottle when she arrived at the railroad station. We hope such work will prosper for another year.

THE HEYDAY of kings is over. Regal courtrooms and fawning courtiers are as out of date as powdered wigs and hoop skirts. Yet there remains among men one King who still wants to rule the whole world. And,

About a King and a Mission

oddly enough in the history of kings, He has a perfect right to do so. This world and all that is in it are His because

He made it; and when sin entered in to ruin it, He came on earth to remake it according to a lovelier pattern.

When He walked this earth in an astonishing likeness to His fellow men, He never enjoyed the grandeur of a kingly courtroom. Men of Galilee one day became enthusiastic about His power and wanted to make Him like the kings they had known; but He hid Himself in the loneliness of a mountain cave. The only time He openly professed His Kingship was on a day when to all appearances He was anything but kingly. It was in a private audience with Pontius Pilate. Later on that day He was enthroned in the only chair of state from which He could adequately express the spirit of His reign. It was a cross on Calvary.

Riveted to beams of wood, His arms reached out to the ends of the earth. Everything within the compass of that world-girdling embrace He wanted to claim as His own. Never was a king so anxious to bring all men under His dominion. But He refused to resort to the method of other would-be world conquerors. He would not browbeat men into His service by threats of His power. He would not awe them with the sight of His majesty. He wanted to win them willingly by the allure of His love.

Every October Catholics are reminded of Christ's Kingship. But that is not all. A day called Mission Sunday points their attention to His unfulfilled ambitions as a King. While many have known His rule and rejected it because His standards are too unworldly and His reign of delight too slow in coming, others, almost countless others, have never heard of His love for the men He wants to save. To give them that chance, Christ's Vicar on earth is looking to America. He is looking to us.

We still have a long way to go before we are a vibrantly mission-minded country. Of the 59,000 missionaries working in the border areas of Christ's kingdom, almost 5 per cent are Americans. That is a good percentage. But their work would be ever so much more fruitful if there were more prayer on the home front and if every Catholic felt a personal obligation to be pushing Christian frontiers constantly forward. Enlarging Christ's kingdom is a very spiritual enterprise, but the progress of the work is often commensurate with the available supply of very material things. Things like bricks and mortar, rice and aspirin tablets, jeeps and ice-boxes and that much abused commodity which so often seems like an unregenerate troublemaker—money. So Catholics of America have another job on their hands: we must become the mainstay of the missions! We must supply more missionaries, more money, and, above all, more prayer.

The missions are averaging 500,000 converts a year now, less than ten to a missionary. That's not very comforting when there are millions still who know not Christ and other millions who are putting their faith, not in the nail-pierced hand of a crucified King, but in the clenched fist of a ruthless dictator.

Woeful Frontiers

By BARRETT McGURN



Ewing Galloway & Acme

Their villages are primitive and their possessions few, but even peasants and dairymaids have a stake in the frontier disputes. And they cannot afford to lose. Right: a routine inspection at explosive Gorizia



Hand in hand with frontier disputes goes human tragedy. People are shuffled like cards in a game

THE Moncenisio plateau could easily be one of the most charming places in Europe. It sits under the eaves of the world one and one fifth miles high on the saddle of the Alps between Italy and France. Ragged mountains climb cheerfully high into the sky on each side of the plateau's two blue reservoirs.

It is a brisk and frosty spot even in August. In the midsummer season a sweater and topcoat buttoned up around the ears are necessary. In winter snowshoes are the first thought, for the plateau vanishes beneath from six to fifteen feet of snow crystals.

To the Italian and French dairymaids and cowhands who have met on this plateau for generations it has been both a cordial mid-air trading place and a pastureland whose equal they have found nowhere else. There is certainly something remarkable about the little plants and grasses which carpet this lofty spot. They are far more nutritious for the cattle than the parched vegetation which grows down in the deep Susa valley on the Italian side of the plateau. From a commercial point of view it has special value, too, for the milk produced on this snug Alpine pasture makes a rare and tasty cheese which can be obtained in no other

part of the world. It is called Morianeng and is like Gorgonzola.

This has been the picture on the Moncenisio plateau until now. What it will be from now on is only a guess, for Moncenisio is one of the miserable areas which have become involved in Europe's postwar border disputes.

It was across Moncenisio's cheese-making pastures that Mussolini's Fascist troops advanced in 1940 to give falling France its "stab in the back." It is Moncenisio's plateau which the four foreign ministers have agreed to give now to France in partial payment for Italy's assault.

To the military strategists the justice of the change may be clear, but to Carolina Claretto who has inherited her father's forty-year-old cheese business on the plateau it is a sudden new tragedy which has followed on the heels of all the wartime sorrows which every European knew.

What will happen when the French take over? Carolina asks the cowhands from whom she purchases milk with which to make Morianeng. Will the plateau's seven hundred farmfolk need passports and visas to mount to this plateau they have worked for generations? Will the French allow Italians to come at all? Will the French compel

all the Morianeng and other products to go down the west slope of the Alps in the future instead of to the old Italian markets? And will the French set the prices at which the products must be sold?

Maria Claretto, who is not a close relative of Carolina's, but whose family has occupied the same Susa Valley village of Novalesa for unnumbered decades, agrees with Carolina's worries. Maria, who was knitting a sweater sleeve as we talked to her, is dairymaid of nineteen plateau cows, some of them hers, some of them the property of other Novalesa residents. Should the French bar the Italians from the plateau every cow in her herd will have to be sold, Maria says. There is just no more pasture for them down the steep Susa slopes.

The military strategic significance of the change of the French-Italian borderline at this plateau is beyond the understanding of either of the two Claretto women. All Carolina knows is that for years she has traded scarce articles of food with French dairyfolk who came up to the plateau from the other side. Sugar, rice, cheese—any item which was more plentiful on one side of the international boundary than on the other—were the objects swapped. It was

aiways genial. What has happened now, the Claretos are not sure. All that is plain is that another misery seems certain to be heaped on the hardships which were already plentiful for those who tried to wrest a living from the beautiful but severe and crowded walls of the Alpine mountainside.

THE story of Moncenisio is the story of many parts of sorely beset Europe at the end of this first year of "peace." The mere existence of frontiers in this teeming little continent, which is not much bigger than the United States, seems a considerable cause of the agonies. A tour which this writer has just taken along the Alpine chain which forms the Italian border with France, Switzerland, Austria, and Yugoslavia was full of such incidents as those of the Claretos at Moncenisio.

At Briga and Tenda, which are another of the snips of Italian territory which the four foreign ministers have assigned to France, the fury of disagreement among the unfortunate five thousand residents is so great that the mayor of Tenda was able to report even a broken marriage as a result of the change.

"One woman came to me and told me that her husband was a Francophile," the mayor said. "She said that she would leave her husband and go back into some other part of Italy to live. He will keep two of their sons and she the other two."

Whether or not the mayor, who is violently against the change of the frontier, was exaggerating the family's split, there is no question but that the two little ravine villages have been torn with excited disagreement over the change decreed by the foreign ministers of Great Britain, France, Soviet Russia, and the United States.

"*Briga et Tenda, Françaises—Oui*," says one sign which has been painted on the walls of one of Tenda's old stone homes. It has been scratched and splattered in graphic evidence that at least one of its readers disapproved.

Briga and Tenda lie almost as deep down in the Alps as Moncenisio is high. The two are on the floor of a heavily forested craggy gray gully of slate and glass sand. Although places like Rome and the rest of central Italy have their electric lights turned off periodically because of a shortage of water power, the wildly boiling streams of Briga and Tenda are ample evidence that there is no such problem in those two little communities. The ravine's excellent hydroelectric power as a matter of fact is its major value to Italy, and the chief reason Italy has fought so hard to keep the little valley.

To Briga's single physician the change of frontier is a disaster.

"My son is going to the Liceo next year," the doctor says. "I cannot put him to the disgrace of going to school in France, where he doesn't know the language. He is eighteen years old. He was a partisan underground fighter, serving the Allies."

The doctor will take his wife, who is the daughter of uncounted generations of Briga residents, and will go back into crowded Italy. His own score of years as a resident of the town will have to be forgotten.

Briga and Tenda were occupied by French troops for a brief period toward the ending of the war. The countess of the village, who is intensely Italian, partly because her noble husband owns vast properties in other parts of Italy as well as in Briga, is another who is

of the doctor and the countess and other supporters of Italy's claims—are Francesco Gaglio and Ippoliti Lamberti, the president and secretary respectively of Briga's Socialist Party. Their contention is that the frontier was misdrawn by two kings a century ago for a capricious reason, and that the boundary line has been a hardship to the working folk of the border ever since.

When the whole Savoy region was given to Napoleon by King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, Briga and Tenda were cut out of Savoy because Victor Emmanuel wanted to keep them as his royal hunting grounds. This meant, as Gaglio and Lamberti point out, that the people of Briga and Tenda found themselves divided from their relatives and friends of Savoy by an international boundary line. Ever since, the people of Briga and Tenda have drifted down into France to work as porters and chambermaids in the hotels of Nice. "But high import taxes at the Italian frontier have made it difficult for them to bring back the articles they bought," Lamberti said bitterly. "I am French by ancestry, sentiment, and opinion," he insisted.

To Clerico Luciano, a nineteen-year-old who led a band of six Partisans in the fight against the Germans in the final days of the war in the Briga and Tenda Valley, Lamberti's feelings, however, are little short of traitorous. To Luciano it is a source of grief that the industrious citizens of the valley have ever rebuilt the war-broken bridges.

The same division of opinion has split the people on the opposite end of Italy's Alpine frontier, those at Pola on the Istrian Peninsula which points into the Adriatic Sea across from the canal city of Venice. In that sun-baked old Roman city there are, on the contrary, few to oppose Italy's claim. Pola was a colony of Rome two thousand years ago, as its still-standing miniature Coliseum testifies. The four foreign secretaries have destined it for Yugoslavia in partial settlement of that country's claims against once Fascist Italy.

She has lived in Pola all her life but she is getting out before Tito comes in

nearly blind with fury at the French. She tells indignantly of a French officer who mounted a Briga balcony and told the people of the village "you are all French here." And she recalls how some Italians of Sicily and Naples who had come to Briga in search of work in the days of Mussolini's frontier fortification construction projects, were so terrified at the prospective change of citizenship that they climbed on foot up to the 6,000-foot mountain level to escape back into undisputed Italy. The French occupation troops saw them, but let them go.

Among the Briga and Tenda folk who have earned the bitter reproaches



VITTORIO AUSTROMAN is one man who will welcome Yugoslav rule at Pola. An Italian for the past generation, he was an Austrian before that, for Pola was the greatest naval base of the Austro-Hungarian Empire until the collapse of that political aggregation at the end of the first World War. Austroman runs a café now, but formerly he was a butcher with a sales route running far out into the Slav sections of inland Istria. He got to know the Slavs in those days and cannot believe the Italian talk nowadays that the Slavs are a blood-thirsty people who plan to decapitate all Pola policemen and throw all the Italians down the terrible natural limestone holes of the Istrian Peninsula.

THE + SIGN

which are known by the name of *foibe*. Austroman was not always unsympathetic to Italy, he insists. During the last war, as a prisoner in an Austrian camp, he looked forward to Italian rule in Pola as to the return of a child to his mother, he says. "But Italy was no mother," he now avers as he points out that, short of machinery in other parts of the country, the Italians stripped the Pola naval base both of its equipment and of its trained mechanics, leaving the city with little but a crushing burden of taxation. Hence Austroman is willing to try life with a third citizenship, each of them experienced in the same village.

BUT Austroman's calm at becoming Yugoslav is quite a rarity. At Pola, in contrast with Briga, the Socialists are all pro-Italian. At their headquarters, a long, slow line of dejected people filed past a desk to register their belongings for shipment into Italy proper.

"I do believe 20,000 of the 34,000 people of Pola will go," the British commanding officer of Pola, Major Tom Belshaw, commented. "If there hadn't been those famous forty days of Yugoslav occupation in the last days of the war it might have been different now."

"It was really like Russia in 1917," the major said of the brief Yugoslav Communist control of Pola prior to the present Anglo-American occupation. "There is not the slightest doubt they had a very grim time here. If you walked on the street with a ring on your finger, you were called a Fascist and had it taken away from you. Many were put down the *foibe*. Many didn't dare go out of their homes. The morale of the population is now at its lowest ebb. They're worrying themselves sick."

Andrea Martelani's lip quivered as I asked him what he thought of the forthcoming change of the Italo-Yugoslav frontier at Pola. Unashamedly, he burst into deep sobs. "I served always honestly," the gray-haired, sixty-four-year-old man wept. "I have worked so many years. And now to lose everything!"

He was a customs guard, he explained. His nineteen years' service would have qualified him in another year for a pension. He had weighed going to his brother's in Gorizia, a town which will lie just inside the new Italian border above Trieste. But the condition of his wife, sick these past four years, was such that he had decided to stay on with her in Pola. The Slavs had always treated him well, he said hopefully. But the disastrous part of this solution was that his pension seemed certain to be lost. Neither Italy nor Yugoslavia was likely to recognize it, "and I am now too old to start work all over," the shattered old man almost wailed.

While grief is the lot of many along the Italian frontier because the bound-

ary makers have given parts of prewar Italian soil to France and Yugoslavia, it is also the measure of some others who will not be carved away from Italy. They are the German-speaking residents of the lower Tyrol on the Italian side of the Brenner Pass in the central part of the northern Italian frontier.

The Lower Tyrol had been Austrian from the year 1363 until the treaty-makers of the first World War gave it to Italy as a protection against future Germanic assaults against the Italian peninsula. The change of the line did not change the people, however.

It was no secret to the national government at Rome that the Tyroleans remained Italian in name only. Mussolini's answer was to enforce a vigorous denationalization program. German was banned from the schools of the southern Tyrol—even in recess periods. It was forbidden in all phases of public life, even in the songs at beer-drinking places. Private lessons in the language were barred too. The only place the language was allowed was in hymns and prayers in churches.

Even German family names were considered objectionable. Employers brought pressure on their Tyrolean employees to change their names to Italian ones. It was made no secret that a man wanting to work on the railways, in the postal system or in any other governmental post would do well to add an "i" to his Germanic name, or to Italianize it in some other way. An estimated four thousand did change their names.

Both the Tyrol and the Po valley are almost completely Roman Catholic, but even in their religious expression a difference is evident. In the region of the Po, stone chapels containing statues of the Blessed Virgin and other saints line the highways. In the Tyrol, wayside crucifixes are along the road instead.

It is a vertical region quite unlike the flat lands of the Po. Even hay comes down from mountaintops, suspended from long cables that span the steep valleys. There is a neatness and an order quite unknown in the Italian lowlands.

It is a region of peace, peace every-

where except in the hearts of the people. Just as the Tyroleans always spoke German at home in defiance of the Fascist language policy, so are they determined now to reject all palliatives extended by Italy's present democratic government.

Italy's new anti-Fascist government has given the Lower Tyrol 396 German language elementary schools and nineteen high schools. It requires all government offices to be prepared to do business in both Italian and German. It has authorized the abandonment of Italian surnames assumed under duress. But the Tyroleans refuse to give up their desire to be Austrian again.

What is true of the unhappy border people along the Italian frontier of 1946 is true along other boundaries throughout Europe. The Claretos who have had friendly dealings with the common folk from the other side of the line and who cannot understand the miserable, nationalistic forces that rise up along the frontier to add new sorrows to the ordinary ones of life, are typical.

WHAT is the answer to these frontier woes is not clear, but increasingly this year in Europe one solution has been winning converts. The weeping old customs guard at Pola was one of those who have mentioned it to me. "Let the United States come here and take charge of all of us," he said.

Like the many others who speak fondly of that solution to Europe's border miseries, the Pola customs guard was sufficiently realistic not to expect it.

Others do not see, however, why an alternative, a United States of Europe as the first step toward a United States of the World, cannot be achieved. To them the United Nations Organization is considered hopefully as a move in the urgently necessary direction. Impatiently they await the day when national frontiers will be no more than peaceful state lines. Too many people like the cowhands of Moncenisio, the tradesmen of Briga and Tenda, the customs guard of Pola, and the farmers of the Lower Tyrol must go on suffering added sorrows until that enlightened day.

Information Please!

► A Navy recruit on guard at the main gate of an important base was told to admit no car unless it bore a special tag. He stopped a car containing a high-ranking officer.

Hearing the brass hat issue orders to "drive on," the guard said calmly: "I'm sorry, sir, but I'm new at this. Whom do I shoot—you or the driver?"





Left: Soviet nemesis, Chiang Kai-shek, chats with a little war orphan

and has a population of nearly 40,000. This far north situation accounts for most of the jump from 90,000,000 to 130,000,000 in the number of Chinese ruled by the Reds.

The increase in the size of their army and guerrilla forces is almost entirely due to the fact that the Russians have abandoned to them, or gave them outright, vast quantities of war materials and equipment which the 600,000 Japanese troops in Manchuria surrendered to the Soviet armed forces.

Those persons who wonder why the United States continues to maintain armed forces in China, whose presence admittedly helps only the all-too-corrupt Kuomintang regime at Nanking, do not know or have forgotten that just twenty years ago Russia was making a determined and very costly effort to win control of all of China. The fact that the project has been revived on a vast scale justifies American policy in the Far East, regardless of the relative virtues of the two regimes now fighting a civil war.

By 1925, through a clever political device, the Chinese Communist Party was practically in control of the Kuomintang. Under an agreement made the year before, Communist Party members were being admitted to full membership in the Kuomintang, but were permitted to maintain their separate and active membership in the Communist Party.

For all of the first half of 1926, when the Kuomintang headquarters were at Canton, the Pearl River at that city was never without several coastal freighters flying the hammer and sickle flag. Men were busy unloading war supplies for the Kuomintang army. Those cargoes were shipped down the China coast from Vladivostok and were not paid for in cash. The obscure form of "Lend Lease" under which Russia made these costly shipments has never been revealed, but it is now a known historical fact that when the Nationalist armies started their triumphant northward march in late June of 1926 they were almost entirely armed by Russia, and that without these gifts of war material their advance and victory would have been impossible.

Everywhere, as this Nationalist army swept victoriously northward and into the Yangtze valley, Communist workers and organizers preceded and accompanied it. The most radical pro-Communist labor organizations sprung up wherever this army went. Lip service was still given to the doctrines of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, original organizer of the Kuomintang Party, but loyalty and endeavor were all for the aggrandizement and glorification of Soviet Russia and Communism.

Twice in Twenty Years

By HALLETT ABEND

Acme

FOR the second time in two decades Russia is trying to obtain control over all of China through the use of the Chinese Communist Party. And for the second time within nineteen years General Chiang Kai-shek finds himself engaged in a full-scale civil war to prevent the extension of Moscow's power and ideology over 450,000,000 of his fellow countrymen.

During the years intervening between 1926 and 1946 there was never any complete withdrawal of Communist workers from China, and there were only a few brief armistice periods in the civil war which has now flamed up in full fury again. But the two open efforts at control have been a score of years apart.

At one time the Communist strength in China had ebbed until their Chinese army was less than 40,000 men, and they ruled a small, arid area with a population of only 2,000,000 people. That was late in 1936, at the time Chiang Kai-shek was kidnapped at the city of Sian.

A year ago last July, according to the Generalissimo's own estimate, given to me when we conferred then in Chungking, the Chinese Communists' regular army had grown to at least 900,000 officers and men, and they had, in addition, about 1,500,000 guerrillas operating under direction of the Red headquarters at their capital, Yenan. General Chiang admitted at that time that the Com-

munist occupied and administered scattered areas in China with combined populations of at least 90,000,000.

Today, according to the best available information, the Chinese Communists have an organized army of 1,300,000 men, and their guerrilla forces now exceed 2,000,000. They rule areas of China with a total population of 130,000,000, and have announced that they will arm and equip 10,000,000 men to fight against the Nationalist government.

This vast increase in armed strength, territory, and material and manpower resources since July of 1945 is almost entirely due to open and secret assistance given to the Chinese Reds by the Soviet Government at Moscow and its armed forces in the Far East. The many Russian delays in evacuating Manchuria enabled the Chinese Communists to occupy militarily most of the vast Manchurian provinces, and they still hold more than two-thirds of that area—all occupied since Japan's surrender. Manchuria is 500,000 square miles in extent, one-sixth the size of the United States,

An old Russian ambition is still pursued in China. And an old enemy blocks it

By the beginning of 1927 the United States, Britain, and France were thoroughly alarmed and began pouring thousands of troops into Shanghai and Tientsin. The United States sent nearly 5,000 Marines to Tientsin alone, under command of the late great General Smedley Butler, and their equipment included artillery, a score of airplanes, and even tanks in large numbers.

The slogans under which the Russian-backed army marched northward in 1926 tell the tale of their aims. They included these:—"Down with Christianity," "Down with America," "Down with Great Britain," "Down with the Unequal Treaties," and "Out with the White Man." Missions, schools, churches, and hospitals, both Catholic and Protestant, were destroyed or looted by the dozens by these troops which were frenzied by Moscow-dictated propaganda.

The Chinese Reds set up a government at the great inland city of Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtsze above Shanghai, and for a time it appeared as though the Russian plot had succeeded.

And then opposition suddenly developed from an unexpected source. The commander-in-chief of the Nationalist armies suddenly turned against the Chinese Communists, denounced them as more Russian than Chinese, set up a government of his own at Nanking, and began the civil war against them which has lasted, with few minor interruptions, until this day. This commander-in-chief was General Chiang Kai-shek.

It was General Chiang who was the chief authority in Canton early in 1926, when the Soviet ships were unloading war supplies in the Pearl River. It was he who was chief in command on the northward march in the latter half of that year. But it was also he who, early in 1927, had the courage to break with the Chinese and Russian Reds when he reluctantly admitted to himself that they were turning the Nationalist movement into a political tool for international Communism.

Chiang Kai-shek had fallen heir to the Communist entanglement when Sun Yat-sen died in 1924. It was Sun Yat-sen who had made the fatal agreement with the Russians under which Chinese Communists could be admitted to Kuomintang Party membership without first giving up Communist Party membership. At that time Moscow was posing as the champion of small nations and "enslaved peoples," and it is not to be wondered at that Russian aid was welcomed. It was then believed to be utterly disinterested aid.

When Chiang Kai-shek became reluctantly convinced that Russia was not really trying to free China from foreign imperialism, but instead was moving to subject China to Russian Communist

domination, he had the courage to break away from his erstwhile benefactors, to appeal to the conservative elements amongst his own countrymen, and to try by force of arms to keep China for the Chinese.

This was the origin of the Nanking or Kuomintang government. When that government was formed and declared against Communist domination, the United States and Great Britain in particular made haste to give it support.

Stalin never forgave General Chiang Kai-shek for this change of front. That is one reason why no one familiar with the inside facts of the case has had much confidence in the Russian promises made in the Russo-Chinese treaty concluded in August, 1945.

In that treaty Russia agreed to give friendly support to the Kuomintang government of China, and in effect agreed not to aid the Chinese Communists in any way. But in that treaty, too, Russia demanded more than her pound of flesh. She demanded, and got, a thirty-year lease on Port Arthur as a naval base, and predominance in the management of nearby Dairen, the only good seaport for the entire Manchurian hinterland. She also demanded and was given half ownership for thirty years of the 1,600 miles of Manchurian railways built by old Imperial Russia.

In other words, Moscow, which in 1926 was posing as the champion of "enslaved" peoples and as the consistent foe of imperialism, in 1945 was so imperialistic as to demand from China the restoration of practically all the rights which the old Czarist Gov-

ernment had forced China to concede.

The fact that the United States and Great Britain, at the Yalta conferences, agreed in advance to all of these Russian demands against China, is no extenuation of Russian policy. That agreement, which was a betrayal of the Four Freedoms and of the Atlantic Charter, was presumably Russia's price for accelerating her war efforts against Germany and for eventual entry into the war against Japan, but even these benefits for the Allies can never excuse America and Britain for having apparently bartered away the rights and assets of China, a loyal ally and co-belligerent.

Russia was heavily overpaid for her participation in the war against Japan. Her troops fought against the Japanese for only six days, and occupied all of Manchuria and half of Korea.

Then, instead of withdrawing all her troops from Manchuria within ninety days of Japan's surrender, as she had agreed to do, Russia did not complete her evacuation until nearly six months after that time limit. By that time the Chinese Communist army had occupied nearly all Manchurian territory, and Russia further aided the Chinese Reds by refusing the Chinese Government the right to land Nationalist troops at either Port Arthur or Dairen.

The Soviet Government, which had promised the recognized Government of China aid and support, then stabbed China in the back. During Russian occupation, and under Russian army supervision, nearly all of Manchuria's factory and industrial equipment was removed northward into Siberia. The Japanese had invested sums nearly equaling six billion American dollars in Manchuria's industrial development, and China was to have fallen heir to this, in lieu of cash indemnities. Russia took nearly all of it, thereby crippling China's economic recovery for at least two decades, even if the Chinese Communist forces can be successfully ousted from the Manchurian provinces. And the defeat of the Chinese Communists in Manchuria will be a sanguinary and difficult task, for they are now splendidly supplied and equipped, thanks to Russia's having permitted vast quantities of surrendered Japanese war materials to fall into their hands.

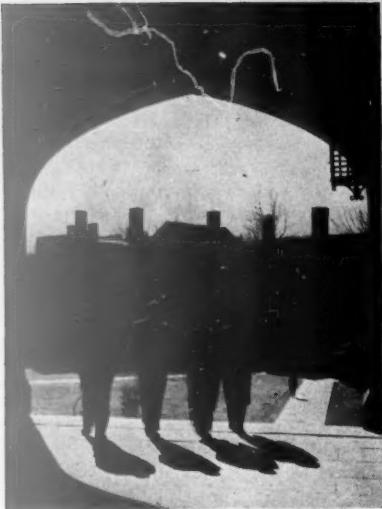
The American public apparently views without enthusiasm American support of a government as conservative as that now headed by General Chiang Kai-shek. But again, just as in 1927, Chiang Kai-shek heads the only force in China actively determined to prevent Communism from gaining control of his country. Russia is persistent. Having waited nearly twenty years since her first failure in 1927, she is now making a second strong attempt to win.



Troubleshooter in China twenty years ago: the late Smedley Butler

Urgently Needed: Scholars

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN



WHILE recognizing the heritage of a glorious past, a realistic facing of present facts compels us to acknowledge that the Church in America does not possess her proportionate share of eminent scholars. She is sadly lacking her share of top-ranking names in literature, in the arts, and especially in science. The number of her sons and daughters on the staffs of colleges and universities is far below her ratio to the general population. The dearth of Catholics occupying chairs in the leading institutions in our country is as conspicuous as it is disturbing.

If the Church is to penetrate the 115,000,000 people outside her fold with her message on the stirring questions of our day, she must have her proportionate share of scholarly spokesmen. Decisions on questions of social justice and of international morality are being pounded out on the anvil of public discussion.

Will anyone contend that the Church is not interested in seeing that the toiling masses receive a living and a fair wage? That the employer receives his just due? That the rights of the public are not trampled into dust by paralyzing strikes? That a means is established of settling international disputes other than the age-old method of seeing which side can slaughter the larger number of the enemy? To bring the wholesome ethical teachings of the Church to bear upon these momentous problems is the urgent and clamorous need of the day.

About a quarter of a century ago we made a survey of the Catholics on the staffs of state and secular colleges, universities, and normal schools and found

the percentage to be exceedingly small. For instance, at the University of Illinois, with a teaching and administrative staff of approximately 600, Catholics could be counted on the fingers of two hands. By 1937, the faculty had increased to 1,101, on which were 34 Catholics. The Catholic population of the state was more than two million, or one fifth of the total. Instead of having 1 Catholic out of 5 on the faculty, however, we had 1 out of 32!

Even those figures, appalling as they are, do not tell the whole story. A closer inspection revealed that most of the 34 Catholics occupied but minor positions. In the University Senate of 207, comprising all having full professorial standing and constituting the governing body in academic matters, there were but 2 Catholics. This means that we had less than 1 per cent of the full professors in a state in which we were the largest religious body. While we were contributing millions of dollars in taxes for the maintenance of the university, we were virtually inarticulate on the faculty and research staffs. The same condition, or a worse one, was obtaining in virtually every state in the union.

Has the situation changed appreciably in the intervening years? Not that we can observe. This statement is based upon a recent survey conducted by Burnett C. Bauer under the direction of Professor James A. Reyniers and submitted along with analytic and constructive suggestions in partial fulfillment of the requirements for an M.A. degree at the University of Notre Dame. The study is a painstaking one, and we think that the results should yield light in the formulating of plans to cure an unhealthy condition.

Mr. Bauer undertook the enormous task of finding out the number of Catholics on the faculties of all the state, nonsectarian, Protestant, and Catholic colleges, universities, and normal schools in the United States. Then to appraise their influence through the written

word, he undertook the task of ascertaining how many of them have published. In all but the cases of Catholic institutions, this meant writing to each individual Catholic faculty member. The work took several years to complete, but it was worthwhile. The results are interesting. They confirm with a vengeance the conditions which we first reported twenty-five years ago.

Mr. Bauer wrote to all the senior colleges and universities listed in the 1937 Educational Directory of the United States Department of the Interior. Of the grand total of 895 such institutions, 148 were Catholic. Replies were received from a total of 665 schools, or 74.3 per cent of those contacted. The response from the non-Catholic schools exceeded that from the Catholic institutions, 76.5 per cent of the former replying as compared with 63 per cent of the latter. Catholics were found to comprise 9.7 per cent of the teachers on the faculties of all the 665 schools replying to the survey. This includes the 93 Catholic schools as well as the 572 non-Catholic schools which sent in the data requested.

While the percentage figure of 9.7 is low in comparison with the Catholic percentage of the total population, even that figure would seem to be too high for two reasons. First, the reason why 175 non-Catholic schools did not reply may well have been because they had no Catholics or almost none on their faculties.

Secondly, the number of Catholic teachers is somewhat inflated, because in the survey the entire faculty of Catholic schools was considered to be Catholic. A supplementary survey of 69 Catholic colleges disclosed 7.4 per cent of their faculties to be non-Catholics. This would reduce the percentage of Catholic teachers to 8.8 of the total faculties of all the schools included. This means that while Catholics comprise more than one sixth of the population, they comprise less than one eleventh of the university and college teachers.

Even more indicative of our lack of proportionate representation in the field of higher education is the finding that Catholics comprise 2.5 per cent of the faculties of the 572 non-Catholic schools replying to the survey. Of these, however, but 51 per cent have Catholics on their staff. This means that the Cath-

Though the Church is
the Mother of Scholars, in
America she does not possess
her proportionate share



Ewing Galloway photos

In the field of scientific research especially, young students are needed

olic viewpoint is totally lacking in virtually half the institutions of higher learning which are not maintained by the Church.

Not less disturbing are the other findings of the survey: Catholics comprise only 2.1 per cent of the faculties of our state universities and colleges, only 2.2 per cent of the faculties of the private colleges and universities, and only 4.6 per cent of the staffs of our Teachers' Colleges.

Even in sections of the country, such as the New England states, where the Catholic population is densest, the Catholic representation on the faculties of secular colleges and universities is disappointingly small. Thus New Hampshire, where the Catholic population is 33.2, has but 4.6 per cent Catholic representation on the faculties of its non-Catholic schools. Massachusetts with a 42.7 per cent Catholic population has but 2.9 per cent Catholic representation on the faculties of its non-Catholic schools. Connecticut, with a Catholic population percentage of 36.9, has but a bare 1 per cent on its faculties.

Let us now take a glance at our representation on the faculty of the institution with the largest enrollment in the country—Columbia University in New York City. Out of a total faculty of 2,395, Catholics were found to number only 34. There is much food for reflection in the finding that in the university with probably the greatest prestige in education in America, with a faculty chosen on the basis of training and achievement and not on that of religious affiliation, Catholics constitute but an insignificant 1.4 per cent. This in a state where Catholics comprise 24.9 per cent of the population!

The reader who reflects long and seriously upon the situation at Columbia will find in it a fairly authentic mirror of our tragic lack of anything approaching proportionate representation on the faculties of the great secular and tax-supported institutions of higher learning in America. It is a lack which is costing us dearly in influence in the shaping of the thought and viewpoint of the future leaders of America.

Mr. Bauer also investigated the comparative influence, as measured by publishing, of the Catholic and non-Catholic faculty members. This meant enormous correspondence. But Mr. Bauer emerges from his mountain of mail with the discovery that the percentage of Catholics on non-Catholic school faculties who publish is 19.4, while that for Catholics on Catholic school faculties is 18.3.

This approximate average of 19 per cent is, he reports, much below the average obtaining among non-Catholic professors. This may be traceable in part to two facts: 1. Catholics for the most part occupy subordinate positions on the faculties of tax-supported and secular universities and are scarcely in a position to do much publishing. 2. Catholics on the staffs of Catholic colleges frequently have such a heavy teaching load that they have but little time or energy left for authorship.

Our purpose in presenting these findings is not to depress our Catholic teachers nor to make them feel that the odds are piled high against them. On the contrary, it is to give us a factual basis from which to launch vigorous and constructive measures to prepare our young men and women to comprise their proportionate share of the top-

ranking scholars in all the fields of intellectual achievement—literateurs, poets, novelists, journalists, historians, sociologists, jurists, political scientists, economists, painters, sculptors, musicians, psychologists, physicians, mathematicians, researchers and scientists in every specialty.

Accordingly we submit the following constructive measures to achieve the objective so ardently desired by prelate, priest, and layman—a profusion of Catholic scholars of eminence who will add luster to Church and country and who will render outstanding service to God and man. We recommend that:

1. Every K. of C. Council sponsor one student, perhaps the son of a member, or other talented youth of the community, in obtaining his doctorate. This would mean rendering financial help, after his completion of a college course, for the further three years of graduate work.

2. Every Catholic college sponsor each year its most gifted graduate through the graduate school of a great university to the obtaining of a doctor's degree.

3. Every Catholic high school sponsor its most talented graduate in the winning of the same degree.

4. Every parish school sponsor one of its graduates to the same end.

5. Every bishop sponsor at least two candidates for the doctorate.

6. Every pastor sponsor one such candidate.

7. Every Catholic family of ample means sponsor one such candidate. The work of Mr. Arthur J. Schmitt of Chicago in sponsoring many such candidates illustrates what many others might do.

8. Large industrial corporations might well be induced to sponsor annually the graduate studies of two or three talented Catholic graduates of colleges, with a view to giving them employment in their research laboratories afterward.

9. An appeal carried directly to our youth to regard a career of eminent scholarship as akin to a religious vocation because of the great service which a top-ranking scholar can render to God, to His Church, and to mankind.

In the measures just mentioned for the sponsoring of students, no hard and fixed rule in regard to monetary advances has been stated. In all instances the advances could be made as loans to be repaid after the student has achieved his goal, so that other deserving students could be similarly helped.

What is of supreme importance is that the Catholics of America, under the wise guidance of their hierarchy, set themselves with determination and resourcefulness to develop a vast army of top-ranking literateurs, artists, and scientists. In so doing they will promote the Kingdom of God on earth and render incalculable service to all mankind.

GOD and Mike Hogan

BY TED LE BERTHON

Illustrated by HARVEY KIDDER

LAWSON was tall, and he worked in a book store, and that Saturday afternoon he went to confession in an old red brick church in the heart of skidrow, a church huddled between pool halls, beer parlors, rescue missions, flophouses, and burlesque theaters. He had just emerged from the cool, holy stillness into the thronged, noisy street, and the sunlight was dying on faces and in store windows, when he felt a tug at his coatsleeve. And that was how he first met Mike Hogan.

Yes, there was the man, but what a man. A man who looked badly and smelled badly. A heavy-breathing hulk of a man, holding a greasy hat across his chest like a cavalier, and with a touch of mock obsequiousness. Obviously, a onetime pugilist, the nose bashed in, the cauliflowered ears, a veined and blotchy face, a bald pate beady with sweat. Lawson was repelled by the sight, nauseated by the smell, yet felt the curious quick stir of compassion.

Then the blowzy ruin spoke, the voice husky, the sad eyes changing to a comic light.

"I was in there in a rear pew, and I saw you go in the box to get shriven, and when you came out I got off my knees and followed you outside. You ought to be feeling pretty good right now. I'd say you might be willing to stake me to a half a buck for a square meal and tonight's flop."

"Why not?" Lawson responded from his six-inch advantage in height, his passably good clothes, his comparative security, a certain mirth on his cheeks and mouth and downward, oblique glance. He handed Hogan the coin.

"Thanks," came the gravel-throated acknowledgment, "and as soon as I've put something warm in my belly, I'm coming back and pray for your intentions."

With that, Hogan moved squattily

down the street and blended into the crowd.

But it was only the beginning of a mysterious acquaintanceship. Months passed, seasons changed, but whenever, of a Saturday afternoon, Lawson went to confession in one of the four churches in the downtown area, he was apt to meet Hogan on the steps, each time to be separated from some small sum, and always on the same terms: prayers for his intentions.

Hogan became a problem, not, of course, a major problem, but he became a burning test of the extent and quality of Lawson's charity. For Lawson found himself wanting to avoid Hogan. Not because of the small sums involved, but because of Hogan's exceedingly malodorous person. For Hogan not only looked, but stank, as if he had just come from a pleasant nap in a gutter. There was something sourish about his rags. Those shirts of his, dewy with sweat blobs, what an incredibly long time he must have worn them. Lawson suspected that Hogan's clothes simply were rotting on him. His shoes were shapeless and broken. And when he opened his mouth, a foul and ruined cemetery gaped, the teeth like broken, awry headstones, earth brown at the base.

It was an effort for Lawson to talk with Hogan very long, but he got to "offering it up." For he had to talk with Hogan. There was some enigmatic compulsion, some deep and wiry bond that sang between them, some mystical circuit. Whenever he even thought of avoiding Hogan by pretending not to see him, he knew that Hogan had him fixed with an all-too-knowing smile, and sure enough, when he finally had to look at Hogan, there was the smile, sad and wise. And this would send a hurtful pang of guilt through Lawson. At times, he resented this painful polarity; it all seemed preposterous. Surely he, Lawson,



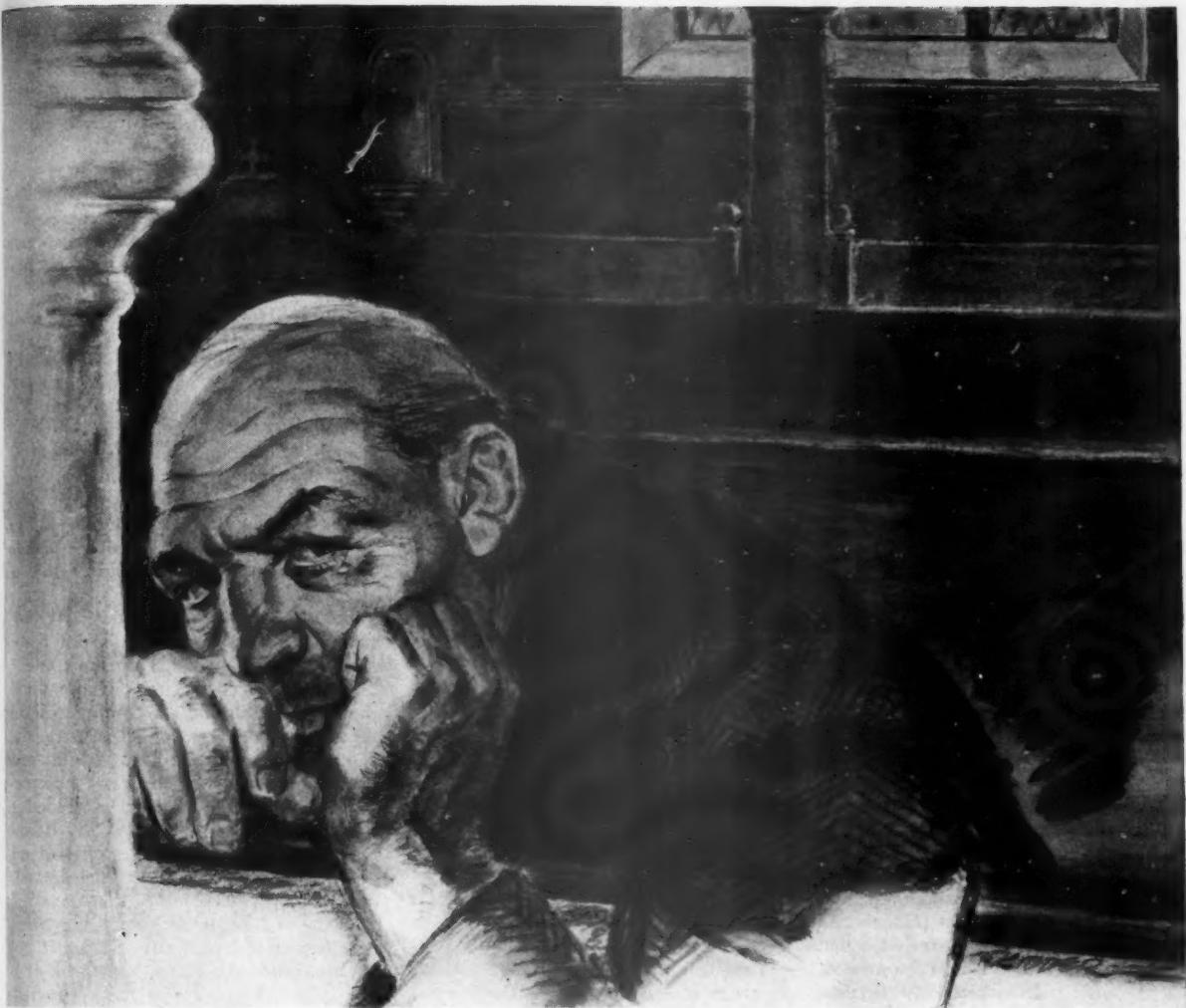
was a civilized fellow who should not permit morbid notions to gain a hold. But he'd wind up by grinning hugely and shaking hands with Hogan, his way of unobtrusively passing the inevitable quarter or half dollar, as if it were hush money in some racket.

Then they'd talk. Lawson learned Hogan's routines. Knew that he generally slept in some skidrow lodging house for fifteen cents a night or seventy-five cents a week, and owned no baggage, extra clothes, razor, or toothbrush. Knew that Hogan rarely worked, and that about all he could do was dishwashing—"pearl diving," he called it. Knew that Hogan regarded this as his cross, a cross from which he asked no deliverance. For Hogan had his work, his vocation, that of spending most of every day in some downtown church, praying, in atonement and in petition that the intentions of others meet with God's favor. What better job could a man want? That was Hogan's viewpoint.

It was true that the police did not see

Mike was a good fighter in his day.

Enough Gibby knew that. But Mike found his real talent only after he chose a new career



Hogan raised his head and Lawson knew that Mike had the answer

eye to eye with Hogan in the matter of such spiritual equations. Recurrently, the "vag" squad—known along skidrow as "the rag-pickers"—arrested Hogan, and he'd do time in the city jail for having no regular place of residence and no visible means of support. And it was true that Hogan, even when out of jail, where he was regarded as "that comical religious character," did not spend all of every day inside a church. He had his pet diversion, which was to visit some of the downtown gymnasiums where up-and-coming young pugilistic hopefuls trained, and where a few old-timers remembered back a quarter of a century when K. O. Hogan was a promising lightweight contender.

But Hogan did spend most of his time in church. Almost every morning he went to an early Mass and waddled up to the communion rail. After Mass he would slump onto his bulky knees and pray until they were sore. Then he would settle his torpid body into a sitting position and meditate, occasionally

keeping an eye out for financial prospects. But to Lawson there was no question of Hogan's sincerity. He really believed he was helping souls get to Heaven. Also, in an area teeming with shattered and uncouth alcoholics, Hogan was a teetotaler. And what Lawson relished above all was Hogan's humorous understanding of his role and his techniques of sustenance.

"Kid," Hogan said one day—he was no respecter of tallness, dignity, bookishness, or general culture, "I work churches the way a confidence man works county fairs. I know that. But I'm doin' it for the good of the faithful as much as for my own needs. It's more blessed to give than receive. So my benefactors store up merits by my helping them to help me. And I know I work confession times and novenas because I like to get 'em, meaning the people, when they're feeling beautiful, right after getting a heavy load off their souls, or making a novena for something they want. I never play the High Masses, but

always the Low Masses, because the people who come out of High Mass didn't go to Communion, as a rule, and have their minds on getting home to dinner and going to the park or the beach."

Even up to what Lawson always terms "that amazing afternoon"—which we are duly approaching—he was impressed with the waggish ease with which Hogan accepted his Faith and his wretchedness, and with Hogan's relentless mirth toward benefactors tainted with Pharisaism. Once Lawson heard Hogan tenderly twit a man who told him he ought to try to become a stable, upright, valuable citizen.

"If you think I ought to become that kind of a guy, you'd better take your money back," Hogan said, grinning. "Because you ought to understand that when you befriend anybody like me you're befriending Christ, who never had a place to lay His head, andulti-

mately befriending yourself. And I don't want to hear any moralizing about my manner of living because that's between God's listening post, my Father Confessor, and me. Do I make myself clear?"

On another occasion, Lawson heard a fellow tell Hogan that he didn't want him to use any of the money he was giving him for strong drink.

"But I don't drink," Hogan retorted. "And anyhow, it's not your money you're giving me. It's God's. You're just getting a chance to be a good steward, to do something that's blessed."

One afternoon, Lawson saw a middle-aged man become incensed when Hogan asked him for money.

"Who do you think you are, anyhow?" the man bellowed. "Where do you get the right to follow people out of church and sneak up in front of them, startling them, then begging for money?"

Then, as if gradually conscious of the stench of Hogan, the man began backing away in disgust. But Hogan, eyeing him mournfully, advanced as he retreated. Then his husky voice resounded.

"So you want to know who I am? Well, I'm your brother. Take a good look at me, because whatever you do for me you're doing for Christ, and if you don't recognize me, you better go back inside and do some pretty tall praying."

The man looked utterly confused, handed Hogan a dollar bill, and went off hurriedly, muttering.

As the months went by, Lawson learned more and more about Hogan's past. Prior to World War I, Hogan had been a fair lightweight boxer, but had gone overseas, had been wounded, gassed, and shellshocked, had become depressed for a time to the point of acute melancholia, had fallen away from the Church to become a sort of vague, listless radical, had become an alcoholic, spending several years in jails and asylums, had failed to apply properly for a veteran's pension, and had finally returned to his early religious Faith and then to the conclusion that he could do more good praying than by working at some inconsequential job.

SEVERAL times Lawson wanted to ask Hogan if he had ever married, but on reflection it always seemed a maudlin and even unnecessarily cruel question, so he never asked it. For, after all, what woman could ever have wanted that shiftless, heavy-breathing ruin? What woman could ever have fancied Hogan's fetid breath, decayed teeth, and body odors? Or that torpid gait, as if he were dragging an anchor? That sweatiness? That cement-mixer voice? Or believe the best job a man could have was that of sitting all day in a church praying? How could Hogan ever have supported a woman? What woman would have

suspected, as Lawson did, that Hogan might be en route to sanctity, albeit by a most labyrinthine way?

Lawson himself often had his doubts about Hogan, wondering how much was authentic, how much phoney, and how much pure rationalization. In fact, he had gone so far, the very day before "that amazing afternoon" that eventually came, to talk over Hogan's case with a well-to-do friend who owned a small farm and who came into the book store where Lawson worked whenever he was in town. The man had suggested that Hogan probably needed some good food and fresh air for a change, along with a nice, clean bed, and an opportunity to get away from bedbugs and the uncertainties of panhandling. And the man was willing to give Hogan all these things, and Hogan could do a few chores in return.

Well, when Lawson asked Hogan

► Love, like money, must be spent.

—PAUL GERALDY

what he thought of the proposition, he might as well have struck him a cruel and unexpected blow. The blotchy, nose-flat countenance and weary eyes were eloquent with terror and hurt and disappointment. It was as if Lawson, after all these months, had revealed a total lack of understanding of Hogan's meaning and mission.

Hogan could only mumble, "Can't you see that it's impossible, that I'm needed here?"

Lawson almost felt he should ask his forgiveness, and left him awkwardly and gingerly.

When he ran into Hogan the very next afternoon by chance, Lawson still felt foolish and apologetic. He had just delivered a first edition of a major philosophic work to a customer in an office building, and was tempted to tell Hogan that he couldn't stop to talk, that he had to get back to the book store in a hurry. But the fact was that the book store proprietor had told Lawson he might as well go straight home after making the delivery, and Lawson somehow couldn't lie to the inscrutable Hogan, who was wearing an unusually happy grin.

So Lawson stopped and said "How goes it this afternoon, Mike?"

"Well, kid, I'm just on my way to the Elite Gym to watch some fighters work out, and say, how'd you like to go along? Might be interesting. You know, local color and all that sort of rot. What do you say, kid?"

Lawson was agreeable. So not long afterward, they were watching young boxers wearing earlapped headgear feint, weave, shift, and lash out at each

other as managers, handlers, and shirted bystanders stood around guzzling bottled beer or shouting advice. Lawson and Hogan had seated themselves on a wooden bench against a wall overscrawled with drawings, initials, names, and telephone numbers, and Hogan, benignly yet authoritatively, was commenting on the style, heart, punching power, and idiosyncrasies of the boxers. The place smelled of disinfectant, gym socks, body sweat, boxing gloves, rubbing alcohol, cigarette smoke, and beer breaths.

Suddenly, Hogan said under his breath, "Kid Gibson just came in, and I don't want to talk with him, so let's pretend we're having a big discussion."

"Who's Kid Gibson, Mike?"

"Oh, him and me were fighting around this town twenty-five years ago, and now he's a sick man, a lunger who hasn't long for this world, and he knows it, and he goes around insulting people because he's all upset inside, and he needs religion, because he's got more venom in him than a Merry Widow spider. So let's pretend we don't see him. Oh-oh. Too bad. Here he comes."

Lawson looked up and out and shuddered. Kid Gibson was coming toward them and really resembled a scraggly, venomous spider—with hard, bright, evil eyes. Small, skinny, there was a tuberculous luster in his glance. He needed a shave and had a charred, webby blackness against wormy pallor. He had on greasy, floppy trousers and a long-sleeved, turtle-necked black jersey that gave his puny-chested torso and dangling arms the illusion of a disgusting spider. Lawson also noted the sharp, bent beak of a nose, the thinnish raven hair plastered tightly back, the huge-knuckled, hairy hands, and the obscene twist of a mouth curved to a snarling, scoffing humor.

"Hello, Hogan," he began instantly, giving him a stinging smack on his bald pate, "how are you and God coming along? And who's the swanky boy friend?"

Hogan eyed him sadly. Then tersely—"Jerry Lawson, meet Kid Gibson."

Lawson stuck out his right hand good-naturedly, but Gibson merely looked at it with contempt.

"Dear old Mike Hogan," he said with mocking reminiscence. "Mike, why do you always remind me of a load of garbage?"

"Stand over to one side, Gibby," Hogan muttered. "I'm watching 'em box and trying to study 'em."

"You study what, Mike? Don't make me laugh."

"Please go away or sit down or do something else, Gibby, but don't bother me. Now, please."

"Want to match your friend with the winner?"

"Go away, Gibby."

Gibson stuck his tongue out at Hogan, then turned and walked over to a table where bottled beer was being sold from a case.

The next moment Hogan crept up on heavy knees to the ring's ropes and began earnestly advising a young boxer.

Then a gong rang out, another round was on, and Hogan crept back, heavily, out of breath from just talking, to the bench, sat down, mopped his sweaty face with a filthy handkerchief, and began talking in quick, husky gasps.

"I was giving that kid a few pointers. Yeh. Stands up too straight. Needs to crouch. I told him. I said some tough kid'll pound your belly to pieces and pull your head down, then tear your head off and knock you kicking. I told him. I said you can't stand up straight like a statue."

Lawson felt Gibson's presence behind them a swift moment before he heard the derisive voice.

"So you told him, Mike? Well, I'm going over and tell the kid to pay no attention to you. You were never a fighter, you stumble bum. You were a slugger with a glass jaw! You want to ruin that kid? The next thing you'll be telling him about God. Why don't you just keep out of here?"

Gibson's tight little corpse face was ghastly with exasperation.

But as if controlling himself, he walked over to the young boxer's corner. When the gong sounded another round's end he began talking and laughing and pointing to his forehead and then over at Hogan. The young fighter smiled, showing broken teeth.

Hogan turned a rueful face to Lawson.

"Maybe Gibby's got something there. Sometimes I get to thinking that fighting here, meaning in the ring, is like fighting in war. What does it get you? Maybe I ought to be talking to these young fighters about God, but, you know, a guy doesn't know where to begin. I don't know. I feel right now like I got no heart for this any more. It's like the holy writers saying that God keeps stripping a guy until you got nothing left but Him. Let's get out of here, let's get into the air."

But as they stood up, there stood the fantastic Gibson, blocking the way.

"Who are you, a sports writer?" he asked Lawson.

"No."

"Then what are you doing up here?"

"Friend of Mike." Lawson felt an aristocratic contempt for Kid Gibson

rising in him like a cool wind. But he felt a touch of fear.

"What do you work at?" Gibson persisted.

"Book store." Lawson saw no way out but to answer the little spider with the big knuckles.

"Well, someone ought to put Hogan in a book. He's nuts. Did he ever tell you about his love life?"

Hogan warned huskily, "Gibby, don't be a rat."

Gibson broke into a cold, deadly laugh.

"I knew you when, didn't I, Mike? Remember, Mike, what happened right after you got out of the army, meaning when you married that little trollop, meaning your wedding night?"

"Beat it, Gibby! Let us pass!"

HOOGAN had tears in his eyes. As he and Lawson went toward the stairs leading to the street below, Gibson clung tenaciously to Hogan's side, walking with them, and repeating "Tell your friend what happened, Mike, go on, tell him!"

It was all like a hot blur to Lawson, but finally they reached the stairs, ancient, wooden, creaky, and began descending. Gibson had remained on the upper landing and had achieved a state of diabolical glee, jumping up and down and laughing. Hogan muttered to Lawson, "I'm sorry about all this, but characters like Gibby are punch drunk, slap happy, depraved, and you know, mental, and—"

"Hey, Mike!" Gibson yelled down. "Tell him about the party the boys gave you on your wedding night, and how they got you drunk, and how you found your bride in another room with a sailor, and—"

Hogan roared like a stricken bull and turned, started up the stairs, only to collapse and bark a fat knee painfully on a step. He couldn't get up for a minute, and Gibson was laughing hilariously and clapping his hands together.

"You little dead man!" Hogan shouted up, shaking his fist. "I could kill you with one punch!"

"Why don't you come up and do it?" Gibson shrilled, dancing up and down.

"You—" Hogan couldn't say it. He was trembling. He turned to Lawson. "The devil's in him, and trying to get into me. Let's go. Let's go quick. I feel it coming on. And I'll go up and kill him if I stay. Here, grab me, hold on to me, get me to church. And quick!"

They reached the street and walked along in the crowds, Hogan blubbering. "Hang on to me till we get there. That little lunger! I could kill him!"

Lawson felt confused, uneasy, embarrassed, and the fleeting hope that none of his friends would see him propelling the weeping ex-pug churchward came to



"If you think I ought to become that kind of a guy, you'd better take your money back"

him, and he felt suddenly a deep shame.

But then they were in the church, and Hogan fell down heavily on his knees in the pew, and buried his great, flat-nosed face in his hands and wept posteroously, while Lawson knelt beside him stiffly and in painful silence. If his book store associates could only see him now! Then Hogan's weeping subsided, and Lawson eyed him covertly, and saw that he was praying inaudibly, his mouth moving with the silent, beseeching words. Finally, Hogan got off his knees and nudged Lawson, indicating they should leave. His tearful, blotchy face was sweetly calm. He struck Lawson as a sort of chastened, dumpy old child after a licking.

As soon as they reached the sun-warmed sidewalk, Hogan blurted, "Kid, what Gibby said was true, and what with being wounded and gassed and shell-shocked and never able to fight again, I took it hard in those days. It happened so long ago, and I shouldn't have blown up at Gibby, but I ain't had much love, and I never even lived with this girl I married. It broke up that very night, and she's been dead a lot of years, and I never knew there was such malice in Gibby. But I never knew how fast the devil could get into me. I'd have murdered him if I'd made it up those stairs, unless he'd run off too fast. I'm trying to shake it all off. I'm kind of sick all over inside. But in the church I asked God to tell me what to do, and He told me. And it's going to be hard."

Hogan paused and took a breath.

"Yes, kid, it's going to be hard, but I gotta do it. God said I had to go back to the gym and stick out my hand to Gibby and forgive him and ask his forgiveness for anything I might have said. And you know Gibby. He'll just think I'm nuts or that I'm afraid of him, but God and me'll know that ain't true. Anyhow, I gotta obey God. And I'm sorry I got you into all this."

A moment later Hogan's shambling figure had merged with the crowd, and as he watched, Lawson experienced, for a moment, an awful sadness. The realization came that some day Hogan might come before a modern lunacy board and be adjudged insane. Gibson would be proved right. Lawson's bookish associates might think Hogan demented. But had not some of the saints been strange beings in the eyes of respectable citizens and taxpayers? Well, Hogan was out of sight, and now Lawson thought of home and dinner, and as he walked toward the street corner to catch a streetcar, he was on the verge of tears. And yet he felt a curious lightness, a rare buoyancy. And there was something about the way the late sunlight touched the battered skidrow street that transfigured it, and he suspected he was mysteriously graced in knowing Hogan.

By FRANK GREENE

IF YOU find it difficult to believe that a quiet little Ursuline nun weighing about a hundred pounds could stage a one-woman revolution in a modern American state, then you should talk for a while with the men and women, boys and girls, who have become layleaders of the church militant. For Mother Agatha is a Christian revolutionary, a prophet of the new order of alert lay activity.

Aware of the limitations imposed on the clergy both by the nature of the priesthood and by numerical factors, she envisions the day when laymen will adapt their special training and broad experience to promoting the cause of Christ through more liberal expenditure of time and effort. Her followers are fully cognizant of the need for more marchers in the army of the Church militant, and they are seeking recruits throughout the nation.

"She came to Wilmington about eighteen years ago, and started a revolution." These are the words, not of an impulsive, word-scarce-youngster, but of Joseph A. L. Errigo, prominent Delaware attorney. "For ten years she was into things generally, sponsoring Catholic lay activity and otherwise setting the stage for the revolution."

Errigo is the man to talk, although it was only a little more than seven years ago that he came in contact with Mother Agatha. They were serving on a committee for some civic project. In the whirl of other events occurring since, he has forgotten just what it was. But Mother Agatha got his ear and started preaching quietly but effectively on the "golden opportunity" at hand for laymen to become really active.

With millions of Catholics enjoying the advantages of sound education, thousands upon thousands of them college- and university-trained, it was a sinful waste, Mother Agatha said, that they should concentrate all their energies upon things of the world and continue to take religion with a passivity more becoming puppets of a Fascist or Communistic state. These laymen, she felt, had received certain training and experience denied priests, they had entry where priests could not go, they could use perfectly Christian tactics hardly becoming to men of the cloth.

Indeed, she pointed out, worldly training and worldly facilities could be made the basis for educating those out-

side the faith, for the world is the common ground of men of all beliefs and of none. Errigo was interested. Then, with a deft precision and logic that captivated the legalistic mind of her hearer, she mentioned specifically radio. Within the next few weeks, Mr. Errigo found himself director of what was to become the Catholic Forum of the Air. Today, more than seven years later, it has developed into one of the most popular local religious programs.

When Errigo had been conditioned for her punch line, Mother Agatha delivered it in very few words.

"What can laymen do, Mother?" he asked defensively after the little nun had stressed the importance of mass action.

"Get on the radio as a start," was her short, but tremendous answer.

Errigo was willing, and so were other Catholics whom he quickly contacted. But, as he frankly admits, they were at a loss as to what steps to take. Here again Mother Agatha stepped in and arranged for a fifteen-minute broadcast. Gorman Walsh, director of Station WDEL, was most co-operative. On April 9, 1939, the Catholic Forum of the Air presented its first program over Station WDEL, Wilmington.

The response was prompt and voluminous. Errigo rushed around to get other speakers to fill what soon became a half hour on the air. The program had the hearty approval of the Most Reverend Edmund J. FitzMaurice, Bishop of Wilmington, who speaks in person or through a special representative on the first Sunday of each year. He is one of the few clergymen to speak on the otherwise all-layman broadcast.

Among the lay people who assisted were Dorothy Arthur and Joseph Desmond, the latter now an executive of the Boy Scouts of America in northern New Jersey. Loss of Mr. Desmond was much regretted by the Forum, for he had been a consistent and dependable speaker and aide. But others soon contacted Errigo, both men and women who wanted a part in the program, chief among them Eugene Casey, Mary O'Hara, and Richard Lowry—who have continued with the Forum to the present time.

So the revolution in Delaware enjoyed its first success, and now in its eighth year it is more popular than ever. The program itself has become just a

It is called the Catholic Forum
of the Air. Alert laymen conduct it.
And all Delaware listens eagerly

THE  SIGN



Revolution in Delaware

phase in a complete schedule of Catholic lay action. Most recently members of the Forum lent their support to the organization of a First Friday Club of Delaware, another unit in one of the fastest-growing lay organizations in the nation. This club meets at noon on each first Friday for luncheon in the Dupont Hotel.

Speaking programs continued as the Forum's regular offering for several months, and they are still offered occasionally. But with thirty minutes to fill, it was decided to expand and to vary programs. Discussions replaced speeches, and music was introduced. In appropriate seasons, dramatic presentations were offered.

Discussions are always popular, and the members use this type of program to bring forth in clear, concise language Catholic views on such topics as labor, capital, crime, marriage, birth control, divorce, education, etc. As a special precaution against error, each manuscript is read by the diocesan censor, Rev. Joseph F. Sweeney.

There are about twenty-five front-line Forumites—that is, about fifteen men and ten women who bear the brunt of the work. But there is an unlimited number of others available for call.

Results of the broadcasts are difficult to estimate. The mail is overwhelmingly favorable, although it is neither bulky nor profound. There are many Jews and Protestants among the audience which extends over all of Delaware and

parts of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

Like all other organizations, however idealistic in aim, the Catholic Forum of the Air must sometimes think about money. There are manuscripts to be printed, mail to be sent, and other incidental costs. The Forum, however, has an easy solution. Several years ago, to avoid personal contributions, the group hired a film called *The Eternal Gift*. This beautiful movie on the Mass was presented in several theaters in the listening area as well as in parish halls. A twofold goal was attained: enough money was raised to take care of expenses for three years, and a vast part of the population learned many valuable things about the Mass.

All walks of life are represented among the Forum membership. There are chemists, lawyers, newspaper people, engineers, teachers, students, etc. Several war veterans are active members. The nucleus of the group, usually a dozen men and women, meets every other Thursday to talk radio. Programs are planned in detail two weeks in advance and are outlined for two months ahead so that music will be in keeping with the liturgical season and special feast days may be observed. Each program also features a short news broadcast, done under the supervision of John J. Kerrigan, recently back from naval duty in the Pacific.

At the fortnightly meetings, one member is assigned the task of preparing a

Radio discussions on things Catholic are not only informative. These Delawarians find them lots of fun, too

manuscript. If several are to take part in the program, the writer may call on others to help. This latter group then gets together for a special meeting at which complete details are worked out.

And so it goes, week after week, month after month, year after year. Yet for the Forumites, the weekly program is only one recurring incident in truly and fully Catholic lives. The members are also participants with scores of others in the interdenominational Forum which came from the untiring mind of Mother Agatha. These sessions are held in the auditorium of the Ursuline Academy and draw a fine representation from the city. Originally called the Diocesan Forum, the institute now is known as the Wilmington Cultural Session.

These Wilmingtonians, men and women, boys and girls, exude Catholicism. They stand as an inspiration to those who would make their faith not only live but dynamic. They are pleading for others to take up the crusade of the radio forums. They stand ready to provide all the necessary ideas—yes, even the printed manuscripts for those who wish to get started quickly.

The revolution in Delaware is over and victory has gone to the valiant. But revolution is needed in many other places, and Delaware offers the munitions without lend-lease strings for the coming battle for the souls of Americans.

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Indecent Books

LATELY THERE has been a new lot of excitement about salacious and vulgar books, and a wonder as to why existing laws don't do something about them. The *New York Journal-American* has, I glean by way of the *Catholic News*, collected a set of opinions on the subject, given by members of all faiths—a Jewish judge, a Methodist deaconess, several writers, but the best statement is one made by Archbishop McIntyre, who says, "Indecent literature poisons and kills the good in the hearts of children and is as dangerous to American life as any other single force contaminating and deteriorating our country."

If ever a statement deserved to be printed in red and blue inks and sent out to a lot of careless and selfish people, that is it. It seems rather foolish for me to go on writing on the subject, but since ladies like to embroider I shall go ahead and do so.

Fannie Hurst views with regret and disgust such trends in public taste and speaks of the verbal garbage in some of our best sellers. Dorothy Canfield Fisher says that "like every self-respecting American I deplore to the last degree deliberate cheapness and sensationalism in the book publishing business."

The Hucksters

AN EXCELLENT statement, but why was she not deplored when the Book-of-the-Month Club Board, of which she is a member, selected the entirely indefensible book called *The Hucksters*? It is poorly written for one thing, which ought to keep from it such great éclat and cash as it received. The plot also contains some of the worst trash I have ever read. The love story is utterly unreal. No woman of the type of this heroine (I use the standard word) would ever react as she does. It is all silly and unifelike, and yet it is quite obvious the writer thinks he had a matter of a great love and a great renunciation here.

It is obvious the book was selected for one reason only. It deals, and satirically, and perhaps for the first time at length, with the strange phenomenon in our national life known as advertising agencies, and is full of people whose vocabulary seems to consist of adjectives and adverbs.

This special plot deals with an advertising firm which handled a special soap and its consequent radio advertising; it is complete with a sponsor, slogans, and the rest, and it shows up the life lived on such a sphere.

Now I know some advertising men myself, and most of them are complete with wife, children, and home, and they seem to me happy to have and to hold these effects. Not so in this book. No one likes the sort of life most of us take for granted as being life. Emerson in an unhappy flight of philosophy said once that most men live lives of quiet desperation. Not in this book. The desperation is all out in front and on every page. The characters clutch a cocktail in one hand and their hair in the other. They are all desperate for something—power or cash or love—and when they are not desperate they seem to be trying hard to be. It is all pretty

silly. And the belated conversion of the hero (I use the word technically and not from the heart) is utterly stupid, and as melodramatic as the silliest soap-box opera on the radio.

Now what I want to know is how does it happen that Mrs. Fisher, who has written a calm, very reasonable exposition of life in her many good novels, a life not over-toned with the spiritual, yet full of reality and with real people who do real things—why does she vote for such an unreal, unmoral, unfunny, unpathetic (you see, I am coining words like an advertising man in *The Hucksters*) book as this? I am going to write and ask her, in fact, why she recommended this book by voting for it. Perhaps the whole board is not always entirely in favor of a certain book. If not it might be well to have a minority opinion stated in one of the little booklets which the Book-of-the-Month Club sends out and which sing mellifluously the merits, wonders, and fine diction of the books selected. One can have the mellifluous laid on too thickly. A little vinegar adds flavor occasionally.

And as for laws—will it never be clear that people need changing and not books—that it is the greedy publisher and not the ultimate reader who is mainly to blame?

Comic Strips

I HAVE BEEN asked lately, by teaching nuns and mothers, what I think of comics and people who let their children read them. This is what I think. There are three kinds of people—the straight-lipped type who don't approve of anything that does not contain at least one rosary and one conversion to the Faith; the ones who pay no attention to what children read at all; and the kind who know that one must pick and choose for children, but not always condemn, and this applies no doubt to comics as well as other forms of writing and drawing.

As for this moot subject of comic strips—I have looked at them lately and been amazed to find what amounts of them there are on the stationers' shelves—some so incredibly bad for character development that one wonders how anyone can give such a thing to a child. Fairy tales are different. Children know animals don't really talk, fairies are not a part of real life, witches either. But Superman looks a lot like Daddy or Big Brother, so when he flies Johnnie thinks he can fly, too, and breaks his leg trying. When Johnnie sees a comic character slam a stick or a dish over another's head, these are human beings and real. But when Johnnie whangs baby over the head, the result is not comic.

Personally, I have steadfastly refused to read to my grandson any comics, any of the statements ballooning out of the mouths of the characters who often use very bad English and whose last balloon usually says "bang" or "wham" as he collapses or collapses someone else.

But recently one has come to our house, published monthly I am told—and it seems to be a fine comic. I read it aloud without argument. It is called *Raggedy Anne and Andy*, and I suggest it to any mother who does not care for the Wham School of comics.



The Story of Billy

By FORBES MONAGHAN

Billy isn't her real name, but
Billy is one of the most unforgettable
real persons you'll ever meet

"ONE of the greatest heroes of the war!" A trite phrase, hackneyed, overworked. But sometimes no other phrase is possible. Certainly when you talk about Billy.

Billy was beautiful. She was vivacious. She had more life in one of her little fingers than most people have in their whole body. At the convent school she had played on every athletic team—swimming, baseball, basketball, and the others—and had been elected president of the council. I have never met in the Philippines a more thoroughly cultured woman, a lover of poetry and serious reading, of music and all art. A lady to her fingertips and wholesomely religious.

Many stories of greatness have come out of the war, many stories and many books. But you've probably never heard of this Manila girl who did so much during those days of the Philippine campaign when thousands of American lives depended on her. This is Billy's story.

Born of a good Manila family in 1917, endowed with beauty, intelligence, and charm, she was bound to be the dream girl of many a lad's heart. Yet when Billy finished college, she turned aside from popularity, went away to the Good Shepherd Sisters to become a nun. A siege of pneumonia. Weakened health. The Sisters sent her home. And that was the beginning of the reverses that were to mold her spirit for greatness.

A brilliant young doctor, Julio Ferrer, a scion of one of the most distinguished families in the country, fell in love with Billy and wooed her ardently for over a year. She married him at last, and they had one child, a girl, with Billy's own vivacity. When the happiness of this little family seemed perfect, it was sud-

denly blasted. The medical verdict settled it.

Billy was a leper.

It was some time after the war broke out that the disease was diagnosed and recognized. In some mysterious way Billy had contracted leprosy. By this time it had begun to spread on her arms and legs. There was no alternative. The little family and its happiness were at an end.

Her husband's spirit was crushed by the discovery. His career was threatened with ruin. His home was shattered. It was agreed between them that Billy should go into seclusion as soon as it could be arranged. To go to a leprosarium, since these were now controlled by the Japanese, was too horrible to be considered. In those final days while she waited for a chance to go away, she made a mother's greatest sacrifice—separation from her child. To be safe from infection, the little girl was sent away. Half the mother's heart went with her.

In May of 1944, preparations had been completed for Billy to go into seclusion in Baguio under a doctor's care. She went with the feeling that she was entering an open grave. She was doomed. What this meant for a girl in the bloom of youth and young motherhood, leaving behind a loyal husband, a beautiful child, a happy home, and all the hopes life had once so generously offered; to face the spreading ruin of her flesh, the slow, remorseless wasting of her beauty and vitality, the multiplication of pains and maladies attendant on the advance of the disease, the loneliness of the years, and the unrelent-

ing death—all this can only be guessed.

But these were war years. Billy was not to be left alone. A doctor consulted on her case violated the professional secret entrusted to him. Once it was known she was a leper, she was obliged to leave Baguio. Returning to Manila in August, she spurned the limitations of her illness and joined the underground.

Her first big assignment was to map the fortifications of the Manila waterfront. For six weeks she worked at it. To do a thorough job, she penetrated again and again into the port area and other heavily guarded sectors.

HE did more than take chances. On one occasion Japanese officers living near her house invited her to an officers' party in the Engineering Building of the State University. The thought of accepting such an invitation was revolting. For a Filipino to be seen with a Japanese was considered disgraceful. But the Japanese at this time were heavily fortifying the university compounds, and it was of great importance to learn what was going on. She hid her feelings and went to the party.

It proved worth while. With some other girls who had come, Billy was shown about the buildings and campus by the officers and asked endless artless questions. One of the officers began to mutter, "Why does that woman ask so many questions?" The other girls grew panicky. Billy thereupon proceeded to ask a few really silly questions to indicate that she was nothing but a foolish, inquisitive woman.

But soon she saw a large opening in the ground behind the Engineering Building where busy soldiers were going

Illustrated by HARVEY KIDDER

in and out. "What is that?" she asked.

"That is an air-raid shelter," an officer replied.

"May we go inside?"

The officer smiled. "Oh, no," he said lightly, "there is nothing inside worth looking at."

The group of women and officers went for a saunter around the campus. When they came to the corner of Isaac Peral Street and Taft Avenue, Billy saw another large hole in the ground. She asked what it was.

"That is another air-raid shelter," the officer replied.

At that moment a soldier came out of



Every road and footpath was guarded

the hole, and Billy inwardly became excited. She recognized him as one of the soldiers she had seen entering the hole behind the Engineering Building on the far side of the campus. The "air-raid shelter" was a secret tunnel. It, too, was drawn on her map.

Later the fruits of her careful mapping became apparent when the American bombers flew in daily to smash the targets she had marked for them.

Then, late one night in December, her house was visited. She was lying in bed, not yet asleep, when she heard the noise of a motor stopping outside. Going to the window, she saw a Japanese officer's car below with the flag at the radiator cap. Her heart jumped. This was it. Military police had come for her.

A violent knocking at the door sounded. Frantically, she rushed about the rooms, hiding papers, newsheets, and other incriminating material. The knocking grew louder. When it seemed too dangerous to keep the Japanese waiting longer, she went to the door and opened it. Two officers stood there.

"May we come in?" asked one of them.

"That is rather courteous for a Japanese," Billy was thinking, when, without waiting for an answer, the visitors pushed their way into the house. As the second one passed her in the dark, Billy

noted that he was especially tall for a Japanese. In the living room the dim moonlight from the window fell on the tall officer's face. She thought again, "He is very handsome for a Japanese." She threw the wall switch and the light went on. Then she turned again to look at her visitors. One she recognized as her superior in the underground; the other—she screamed with delight, "Why, you're an American!"

"Sh-h!" cautioned the Filipino officer. "Do you want to kill us all?"

When they had drawn the blinds, the Filipino visitor introduced the American to Billy. "This is the man you and I have been working under, Billy," he told her. "Major Nicholson of the Eleventh Airborne."

This was a revelation to her. She had never known till now who her higher superior was. The major, whose name she later learned was an alias, like that of everybody else in the underground, congratulated her on her fine map of the waterfront. Now there was another important job at hand. "We have brought some spare tires," he said. "Can we leave them here?"

Billy grew excited as the "tires" were lugged in from the car. In the next week those "tires" sent a tanker up in flames in the bay and gutted a pier in the port area. They started a long series of disastrous fires in Japanese storage and munition dumps, for this first consignment of incendiaries was followed by many others. Somehow, the military police learned about the daring visit to the Ferrers in the stolen Japanese car, and also about the "tires." From this time on they dogged Billy's footsteps.

Toward the end of January she was summoned by her superior. The American Army that had landed at Lingayen had now pushed down into Bulacan and was preparing to assault the capital. It was equipped with maps furnished by the underground, which showed the location of every mine and tank trap on the north side of Manila. They showed a wide sector east of Blumentritt Street free of mines, but recent investigation revealed that mines had been densely sown there. The Americans would naturally attack at this point and would charge headlong into a gory trap. Thousands of American lives depended on the arrival of a corrected map at the headquarters of the Thirty-Seventh Division before the assault began. But to attempt to pass the Japanese lines was a project before which the hardiest man would blanch. The utmost daring and the quickest wits were needed. So they called for Billy Ferrer.

She received instructions on what to do after she reached the American lines, but none on how to get there; so she had to devise her own plans. The headquarters of the Thirty-Seventh Division

were then at Calumpit, sixty kilometers north of Manila. The Japanese Army lay between. Every road and footpath was guarded at brief intervals, and every passer-by was searched. Women were just as thoroughly searched as men. Sometimes they were stripped naked.

SINCE travelers who rode were likely to be searched more than pedestrians, she decided to walk to Calumpit. This in itself required uncommon courage. First she was a seriously sick woman; her disease, due to lack of treatment, had made rapid advances, and she now suffered from constant headaches and quick exhaustion. Moreover, for a young woman to go alone on foot through that dangerous country, infested not only with Japanese, but with ruffians and brigands at every turn, would have shaken the nerve of almost any other woman. She taped the map to her skin between the shoulderblades and, to distract Japanese searchers, carried a rolled-up blanket like a soldier's knapsack.

She reached Malolos, a little more than halfway to Calumpit, without serious molestation. The Japanese guards, seeing a woman with a pack trudging the road, did not think she could be going much farther, so they gave her rather perfunctory searching. But at Malolos the news she received was bad. The Japanese were fighting the Huk-bolahaps just ahead and, since either side would kill her if it caught her, further advance along the road was impossible. There remained but one hope of getting around the conflicting forces—to take to the river. She hired a *banca* to Hagonoy, but scarcely had they left Malolos behind, when they were pursued by six *bancas* filled with river pirates. Her *banca* was a swift one, and they kept ahead of the pirates all the way to Hagonoy. From here she had still fourteen kilometers to walk to Calumpit. She arrived there three hours late. The Thirty-Seventh had advanced its headquarters, and she had to tramp back all the way to Malolos.

Finally reaching the American lines,



The "tires" sent a tanker up in flames

she asked for Captain Blair. She went through a long series of questions and answers designed to trap her if she were a Japanese agent, but she had been carefully drilled before setting out. After much shuttling about she was brought to Captain Blair, who put her through further questioning. Suddenly he demanded: "Where is the map?" She had not spoken of a map, but nothing surprised her any more. When she had handed it over, the captain opened it in her presence. It was a very large map, revealing the position of all the mines and traps on the north side of Manila. The captain swore when he saw the great mined section east of Blumentritt. Then he asked how she had slipped through the Japanese lines. When she finished her story, he swore again. "By God!" he exploded. "I never dreamed that Filipino women had such courage!"

She entered Manila with the Thirty-Seventh and at once set to work to aid the suffering people in the city. The captain had given her a blue ticket which enabled her to go anywhere, even in the front lines. Into the wild inferno on the south side, through the roar of immense conflagrations, the scream and crash of shells and the crackle of machine-gun fire she went like an angel of mercy. American soldiers, huddled behind walls or crouched in foxholes, marveled as she walked erect and alone into bullet-swept areas where shells burst all about her.

"You are tired," she would say to her companions. "Stay here and rest." Then she would go, looking for the wounded. She bound up their wounds and carried them in her arms to safety. She watched by the dying and closed the eyes of the dead. Afterward she buried them. Back at night she would come, stinking from the blood and decay of the corpses she had carried. She even gave up to refugees, the food given her for herself.

SHE was not reckless of others in this. She studied her disease and had the word of experienced doctors that, contrary to popular opinion, the danger of infection from articles touched by lepers is negligible.

She was a refugee herself; with her house in Ermita and all her property destroyed, she owned only the dress on her back. But she would not think of herself. She worked herself to the point of exhaustion. One day she suffered a hemorrhage of the lungs which thrilled her with joy, thinking that soon she might die and go to the God she loved supremely. Still she toiled on among the wounded and homeless with a fortitude which made one man remark: "I have not seen a human being like Billy."

When the carnage had ceased and the wounded and dead were all cared for, she had to find a place to stay. She came



The captain swore when he saw the map

to the Jesuits. Though they, too, were refugees, they found her a little room in the ruined laboratories of the Ateneo.

One day she sent me an urgent message. Some one had notified the commander of the military police that they had a leper on the premises, and had advised that she be segregated. She was in immediate danger of being sent to the leprosarium. I hurried to the Ateneo and listened to her story. A doctor employed in the hospital across the wall from the Ateneo had informed on her.

The American Army, easily alarmed by any threat of contagion, could be expected to take swift action. Only one hope was left: to get her out of the Ateneo if this could be done, and find a place of seclusion for her. I went off to see a friendly sergeant, while Billy followed me with a look of pathos I shall never forget. With the sergeant's help I got her out of the college and brought her to stay with the family of Lulu Reyes. Lulu and Billy's other girl friends who were now in the secret behaved magnificently. They embraced and caressed her to show that her leprosy had made no change in their friendship, and they all went to work, trying to find a place for her. The Reyes family, refugees themselves, were moving to the Ateneo in five days. We had five days in which to work.

"Is it going to be Novaliches?" Billy asked me about the leprosarium on the second day. "I keep repeating the word to myself. At first it had a horrible sound. By forcing myself to repeat it, I am getting used to it. It is like the taste for olives; you have to cultivate it. Who knows? I may eventually come to like the thought of Novaliches."

On the third day I told her that in all probability Novaliches it would be, since all our efforts had failed. I went out the following day to inspect the place. Such another God-and-man-forsaken place as that Novaliches leprosarium I hope never to see. In the midst of a wilderness of high saw grass lay a cluster of frame houses. The director, a good man, showed me about. The ob-

jects Stevenson called "butt-ends of humanity" squatted on the ground or lay in bed. They were given a weekly ration of food, not half what they needed; this they cooked for themselves. They had to gather their own wood; their water—for washing, laundry, and drinking. The wards were foul; no disinfectants were provided. When the poor lepers tracked up the floor with their open sores (to cover which they did not get enough bandages), the filth and stench and the danger of graver contagion remained. The lepers, I learned, had become brutalized from despair and the sense of their abandonment. They stole from one another and lived in complete promiscuity. The government did not provide enough money to maintain separate establishments.

From my inspection, I came away stricken to the heart. Must a pure, highly cultured girl be sent to a lifelong exile in such a place? What was the crime of lepers that they were still treated so inhumanly by their fellow men? As Billy had said, there is pity for every other disease, there are foundations for the study of cancer and tuberculosis, but for three thousand years lepers have been the outcasts of the race. Men flee from them and will not help them.

WHEN I saw Billy, I told exactly what I had seen. It was best that she knew the worst and prepared for it. The only consolation I could give her was spiritual. God must have some special work for her to do, I told her, among those poor forsaken creatures. If He was taking from her all the support and society of men, it was because He meant to replace these by an infinitely stronger and sweeter intimacy with Himself. "Consider," I said, "that you are going to an austere cloister, a Carmel, where Christ awaits you."

On the following afternoon I took her there, Lulu and another of her loyal friends going along with us. We jested and laughed the whole way. When we drove into the compound and Billy saw for the first time the rude houses, she turned to me with a smile and said: "Father, how do you like my convent?"

What that brave smile cost her I cannot guess. We had supper there with the director; then we had to go. The girls kissed her good-by; I shook her hand. She knelt down and asked for my blessing. When I gave it, we climbed into the car and drove away. As long as we were in sight, she stood there, smiling and waving farewell.

This is the story of Billy—"one of the greatest heroes of the war," a woman who had been so much, and done and given so much to men, and who from men received in return a fate so cruel. A heroine? This they would willingly admit; but, they would add—a leper.



Above: Red Skelton, Marjorie Main, and mother-in-law Lyn Maxwell in "The Show-Off." Right: OSS agent Gary Cooper loves Italian underground member Lilli Palmer in "Cloak and Dagger"

Family Comedy

Frankly, we entered the projection room for the screening of *THE SHOW-OFF* with a little reluctance and considerable trepidation. The prospect of a ninety-minute visit with Red Skelton, even after his lengthy absence in service, was none too cheering. Even the chance to renew an acquaintance with George Kelly's fabulous stage character, *Aubrey Piper*, didn't seem to be sufficient compensation.

However, it may be that absence does make the heart grow fonder—or in this case it may have made Skelton a better performer—for this latest version of the Kelly hit play turned out to be a riotous session with the grimacing star giving a performance that makes all his previous efforts look like sloppy rehearsals. He proves that he is capable of submerging the Skelton personality to the demands of a characterization and does it to a surprisingly successful degree.

The story of the brash young show-off, who drives his wife's family to the verge of insanity or mayhem, has been screened before, but remains a refreshing and hilarious affair. In this version, the cast has been carefully chosen, laughs follow each other with machine-gun rapidity, and the direction is snappy and sure. Marjorie Main, Virginia O'Brien, Marilyn Maxwell, Marshall Thompson, and George Cleveland keep pace with Skelton's energetic funmaking in this George Wells adaptation of one of the American theater's classic comedies.

Here is a frolic for the entire age-scale of entertainment seekers. Antiseptically clean and bright, it sparkles throughout. So, too, does its star, who mugs less and acts more than at any time during his career. All in all, it's something to cheer. (MGM)

Reviews in Brief

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE once served as a vehicle for Loretta Young and Tyrone Power under the title, *Three Blind Mice*. Before that it was a fairly successful Broadway comedy, telling of three sisters who decide to use a small legacy they have received on a vacation trip to a fashionable resort. The purpose of the trip is not merely relaxation, but husbands as well. Playwrights must always solve the dilemmas they create for their characters, so in this silly symphony all ends to the complete satisfaction of

Stage and



the undemanding viewer—and, we trust, the three young ladies. This time June Haver, Victor Mature, Caesar Romero, Vivian Blaine, Celeste Holm, and Vera-Ellen scamper through the musical comedy involvements with zest. In the adult category. (20th Century-Fox)

A minor melody dressed up with a diverting combination of snappy swing, likeable performers, and a few hearty laughs, *IF I'M LUCKY* is suited to jive fans of every age. Hollywood is focusing its cameras on the political field these days, and this musical hops on the bandwagon with a tenuous plot revolving around a gubernatorial campaign. Perry Como, Carmen Miranda, Harry James, all names to set teen-age toes tapping, contribute their specialties to the cause, with Vivian Blaine and Phil Silvers also on hand. A friendly frolic bordering on farce, it offers a wholesome session of mirth and music for the entire family. (20th Century-Fox)

Abbott and Costello make a radical departure from form in *THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES*, and the result is easily the best picture these zanies have yet produced. The fun is in the adult vein, with the story beginning in the days of the American Revolution, then switching to the present, with Costello appearing as one of those "earthbound spirits" so dear to the heart of the Hollywood scripters. Laughs pile up one on the other, and if you find the Abbott and Costello

SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

brand of humor palatable or even bearable, this should prove to be a satisfactory bit of slapstick froth. Marjorie Reynolds, Binnie Barnes, and Donald MacBride are in it, but it is the A & C team that makes this an outstanding comedy. (Universal)

Van Johnson plays his bright-eyed, freshly scrubbed American boy role once again in *NO LEAVE, NO LOVE*, a mildly amusing comedy obviously designed to present Mr. J. in the very best light. Unfortunately for his cause and his fans, the producers cast three unusually good players in supporting roles, with the result that the star becomes an also-ran this time. Keenan Wynn, Edward Arnold, and Marina Koshetz commit their acts of histrionic larceny in a manner to keep the audience in a continual chuckle. The story is definitely second-rate and so confusing that at the halfway mark you have the feeling that even the actors and the director have lost their way, too. Guy Lombardo, Xavier Cugat, and their orchestras; two amazing child musicians and a British ingenue, Pat Kirkwood, supply the musical interludes in a satisfactory-plus style in this faltering adult comedy. (MGM)

Ernest Hemingway's short story, *THE KILLERS*, serves as the basis for a tense, tough melodrama that is a throwback to the "Scarface" era of moviemaking. Produced by Mark Hellinger, it is a slickly contrived film, its tensely deliberate pace relieved from time to time with flashes of staccato action. The Hemingway yarn, which has been anthologized

ad nauseum, has been given a dexterous and effective treatment throughout. Edmond O'Brien is splendid as an insurance investigator who sets out to discover why the cold-blooded killers had invaded a quiet little town in search of their seemingly harmless prey. Burt Lancaster, making his screen debut, offers promise in the undemanding role of the victim, and Sam Levene, Queenie Smith, Albert Dekker, Ava Gardner, and Jack Lambert handle their roles ably. From its clammy-palm opening to the surprise climax, it is a ruthless study in treachery and crime. Definitely not recommended for the young moviegoer, nor for the adult who does not relish spending his theater hour on the edge of the seat. (Universal)

EARL CARROLL SKETCHBOOK follows the pattern for musical movies set down by the early film-makers, but does it pleasantly and briskly. Topping its assets are the performances of dancer Johnny Coy and comic Bill Goodwin, both of whom rate better opportunities. Coy, who gives promise of fitting nicely into the Astaire shoes, offers the film's spectacular highlight with his routines. Constance Moore, Vera Vague, and Edward Everett Horton flit amiably in the background of this average adult charade. (Republic)

The ways and wiles of the politically ambitious come in for scrutiny again in *MR. ACE*, a rather garrulous offering whose scattered bright spots are not glittering enough to offset its pedestrian pace and banal plot. Sylvia Sydney is seen as a woman aspirant for the governor's chair, who enlists the aid of a shady political leader, played by George Raft. Neither star is strong enough to lift the story from its rut of familiar mediocrity, nor does the film's placid acceptance of divorce earn for it a recommendation. (United Artists)

Second in the inevitable stream of Hollywood's interpretation of how the Office of Strategic Services contributed to the war victory, *CLOAK AND DAGGER* divides its attention equally between romance and espionage. An American scientist goes to conflict-torn Europe as an OSS agent in an effort to contact a Hungarian woman physicist who has been working on an atom bomb for the Nazis. In typical, but



Janet Blair and Glenn Ford appear in "Gallant Journey," biography of John Montgomery, pioneer of aviation

absorbing, spy-yarn language and procedure, the action then transfers to Italy where minor matters like nuclear energy and the structure of the atom are temporarily shelved by the movie writers for a romantic dalliance between the Yankee professor-spy and a member of the Italian underground. After a fiercely fought battle with the Gestapo, they part, but not without broad hints from the scriptwriters that come peace all will be well for the international lovers. Somewhere along the line atomic problems and formulas are relegated to second place and from that point on this melodrama might have been set in any war, during any era. There is one unnecessarily brutal scene which might better have been omitted. Gary Cooper, Lilli Palmer, and Robert Alda portray the leads with conviction in this above-average cops-and-robbers thriller for the grown-ups. (Warner Brothers)

THE BLACK ANGEL is in line with the recent run of murder mystery plots concentrating on sordid episodes and corrupt characters. This time a young lady of shady reputation is found murdered with suspicion cast at several of her friends. An innocent man is convicted of the crime through circumstantial evidence, but is saved in time for the final fade-out by the amateur detection work of his wife and the husband of the murdered woman. Superior performances by Dan Duryea, June Vincent, Broderick Crawford, and Peter Lorre, added to the general high quality of the writing and direction, hold audience interest. Here again, however, we have a picture designed primarily for the suspense-minded adult. It is definitely not suitable for children. (Universal)

Humphrey Bogart turns private detective in **THE BIG SLEEP**, a story in which murder, blackmail, and robbery are the main ingredients. Evidently loath to break completely with violence and killing now that war pictures have waned in popularity, the studios seem to be specializing in sordid plots and disreputable characters beyond all proportion to the dramatic worth of such material. In this one the action is fast, the acting on the amateurish side, and the net result unattractive. Bogart is supported by Lauren Bacall, Dorothy Malone, John Ridgely, and Regis Toomey in an overly complicated study in homicidal mania. (Warner Brothers)

LITTLE MISS BIG may prove a shade too saccharine for some adult audiences, but its message of neighborliness



Lou Costello and Marjorie Reynolds, earthbound spirits in "The Time of Their Lives," new Abbott-Costello offering

is both refreshing and sincere. Reversing the rags-to-riches routine, it tells of the wealthiest woman in the world, whose money has made her selfish and suspicious. Committed to an asylum by her grasping relations, she escapes and finds her way to a lowly tenement district. There she learns that friendship and kindness are more satisfying than gilt-edged securities in a safe deposit box. Fay Holden, Frank McHugh, a cute youngster named Beverly Simmons, and Fred Brady are the principals in this appealing little homily. (Universal)

GALLANT JOURNEY, a biography of John Montgomery, one of the pioneers of the aviation world, is a thoroughly pleasing and nostalgic story with Glenn Ford and Janet Blair doing splendid work in the leads. In 1883 Montgomery constructs a glider and despite the protests of family and friends continues to experiment and study at Santa Clara College. His failures are many but his success supplies a thrilling climax. In writing, production, and performance, this is a stirring tribute to a man of vision, faith, and action. It is one of the year's more rewarding movie accomplishments. Henry Travers, Selena Royle, Arthur Shields, Charles Ruggles, and Jimmy Lloyd assist in making it an outstanding offering. (Columbia)

Lovers of animal tales will find in **GALLANT BESS**, a friendly, heart-warming picture about a horse. Told in simple style without any of the usual frills and furbelows of the sound stages, it will please almost every age group, but particularly the youngsters. Marshall Thompson and George Tobias are the principal humans involved, but it is equine *Bess* who holds the spotlight throughout. (MGM)

New Drama Season

From advance reports the budding theatrical season, which has started its Broadway activity with a revival of *The Front Page*, will lean rather heavily on the classics for its material. It's no secret that most of our contemporary playwrights have either fallen down on the job or fallen into lush Hollywood contracts which make the exertion of writing a new play hardly worth the time and trouble.

Shaw, Shakespeare, Wilde, Ibsen—even Sheridan, are listed among the authors scheduled for reintroduction to playgoers this year. There is, at the moment, a wild pre-production scramble among several newly formed repertory groups all anxious to burst forth in a blaze of histrionic glory that will outshine, outplay, and outdraw the competition.

Some of these groups are starting off, innocuously enough, with presentations of the classics, but one or two give evidence of ultimately veering off into the field of political propaganda, at least if we can judge by the past records of their financial backers and production mentors. Whatever the future holds in that direction, the interest and enthusiasm exhibited by these groups is healthy for a theater strongly in need of revitalization.

Victor Herbert's immortal melodies will be represented this year in at least one revival of his works; Ingrid Bergman is due to star in *A Girl from Lorraine*, Maxwell Anderson's play about St. Joan; the Theater Guild promises a new comedy by George Kelly; Helen Hayes is returning to the stage in *Happy Birthday*; *The Playboy of the Western World*; *Androcles and the Lion*; *Lady Windermere's Fan*; *The Chocolate Soldier*; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; *Henry VIII*; *Cyrano de Bergerac*; a Negro production of *Romeo and Juliet* and Maurice Evans, turning from Shakespeare to Shaw by appearing in a revival of *Arms and the Man*, are but a few of the promised offerings. There is also a fast-developing threat—the Theater Guild is about ready to raise the curtain on Eugene O'Neil's *The Iceman Cometh*, which is being awaited with bated breath in some circles—and crossed fingers in others!

The Cross of His Choosing

By NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.

THE cross was not merely the sign of divine justice. It was more, much more. It was also the sign of divine love. Christ could have redeemed us by paying the paltry and prosaic price of one slight bruise, or of one momentary sense of fatigue. Even a mere thought, tinged with the divine glow, would have been sufficient to bring us back to the threshold of Paradise. That would have been the human way of transacting a business involving personal sacrifice. In any matter of strict justice men reduce their payments to an absolute dollar for dollar minimum. It is the swindler who expects back more than he has loaned. It is the saint who expects back less.

Now Christ was not only human, sharing our human limitations, except sin. He was also divine. That fact made a big difference. So it was that He considered magnanimously not what he *should* pay for our redemption but what he *could* pay. Paradoxically, there would be no limit to the price of His redemptive work, since limitation was essentially a human attribute. He was more than man. He was the God-Man. The answer to this consideration materialized in His choice of the cross which henceforth became synonymous with the apex of divine love for men. Were Christ but a mere man, His redemptive work would have been symbolized by the human scales of justice. It was Christ's divinity which cast aside that all-too-human symbol, to display instead the divine symbol of the cross. The cross was not so much the symbol of divine justice, nor of human trafficking for the ransom of souls. It was the symbol of divine love and of that wondrous divine ingenuity which made sorrow itself a sacred blessing.

In Christ's life and death, the cross was something more than the roughly-hewn beams of wood which were silhouetted against an anguished sky one early Friday afternoon. His cross of timber was only part of a greater unseen cross which was in reality a totality of anxiety, fear, sorrow, pain, humiliation, and brutality, cast like a



menacing shadow over the entire drama of His life.

Bethlehem was gay under the spell of angelic laughter and bewitching stars. It was fragrant with the breath of the Almighty One, who, when He came to our earth, brought His heaven along with Him. But all the glorious song of angelic voices could not hush the cry of a tiny baby, cold in the breath of a winter's night.

A contemporary of Christ at Nazareth saw perhaps in the Holy Family only another human family maintaining its frugal existence by the productive sweat of a patient carpenter. Perhaps he even noticed that no mother in the entire village was as beautiful and as calmly poised as Joseph's wife. Or that no child he had ever seen was as comely and as lovable as the boy,

Christ's cross cast its shadow over His entire life. It overshadows our lives, too

Jesus. But were that stranger privileged to dwell for some time in the circle of the Holy Family, he might have left its cloister with an aching heart. For here, he might have discovered that there still lingered in the eyes of this noble couple the soft, red glow of anxiety over the safety of their son. Fugitives from the wrath of a murderous king, they had once fled by night into Egypt. Even the child for whom many innocents had been murdered, would reveal a pathetic interest in the wondrous story of His deliverance from a tyrant. Here at Nazareth, the happiest family in all the world lived a bittersweet life, for despite their escape from men, they could never escape from the cross.

Christ began His public career with a prodigality of personal attention unparalleled in all history. He became the indispensable servant of mankind exhausting the wealth of His human nature upon the lowly who cried out to Him. He even tapped at will the unlimited resources of His divine nature. Miracles and prophecies, such as only a God could effect, were coupled to sweet, comforting words, such as only the best of our humanity could give. Christ forgot Himself, humanly speaking, in remembering the wants of others. Upon His contemporaries He lavished all those physical ministrations which taxed His human energies and fatigued Him. Men were welcome at all times, to test the brilliance of His logic, to question His actions, to consume His time.

There were no office hours in Christ's life, which might shy away the poor and the downtrodden. His contacts with humankind were direct: there were no intermediary, red-tape entanglements barring the approach of even the morally and the physically unclean. Guest of the saint, He was also guest of the sinner; servant of the patrician, He was also servant of the plebian. The repentant Magdalen found Him when she so pleased to seek Him. The curious and ingenious Zacheus, perched on the limb of a sycamore tree, not only caught a desired glimpse of the great

Prophet, but, what was more thrilling on his part (and so human on the part of Christ), was actually requested by the all-seeing Christ to be His favored host for a day. Night was no barrier to Christ's ministry; hour after hour was shared with a privileged Nicodemus who sought private instructions, or with a motley band of followers who stirred the silence with faint rumblings of prayer on the Mount of Olives.

CHRIST'S ministry was exhausting on His part, so there accrued to Him the welcome satisfaction of knowing that He was a necessity in the life of every man. But the returns of His contemporaries, like most of their actions, were poor, and in a sense, ineffectual to lift the shadow of the cross that darkened His human career. There were men whose lives He sustained with miracle-bread; but there were men who lashed at His sacred life by the scourge of their tongues. There were men upon whose souls He sowed the seeds of divine love; but there were men who sowed the cockle of discontent upon His vineyard of souls. There were men who could not resist the magnet of His friendship; but there were men who shriveled up in His presence, as before a desert wind. It was all part of His cross to sense the fact that some men were so egocentric, that they were actually jealous of the place God Himself held in their lives. It was all part of His cross to subject Himself willingly to human meanness, to deceit, to trickery, to contempt, to public ridicule, even to the thousand other human faults which characterize our human smallness.

We would expect the shadow of the cross to disappear toward the end of Christ's life, especially after so productive and beneficent a ministry. Instead, it began to assume definite proportions, so that by the end of a short span of three years' public activity, the climactic hours of the Passion were inevitable. Then men fashioned a cross of wood and Christ became the leader of a brave army of cross-bearers. For if the sweetness of Bethlehem, the quiet of Nazareth, and the labors of Galilee were all shaded by the cross, what shall we say of the sorrows of Jerusalem where the cross became a poignant reality? What shall we say of His bloody sweat which was the whole of the Passion in miniature, as it were, and a mental rehearsal of Calvary's tragedy? What shall we say of the scourge that lashed His sacred back, of the crown that pierced His brow, of the bruises that scarred His face, of the nails that bored His limbs? What shall we say of the tears and the blood that flowed in abundance simply because His love became divinely extravagant? What shall

we say of His final agony which pleaded with a kindly Father, "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" What shall we say of Divine Love crucified, in order that human hate might be redeemed?

Fear, it is true, silenced some men who returned home from Calvary, striking their breasts. But there were others who returned home, complacently rubbing their hands over a murderous job well performed. Little did they know of the mystery and extent of Christ's cross. Little did they know that the scourge and the thorn and the nail and the wooden cross were all powerless to hurt the God-Man except that He willed it. Little did they know that the human fists which struck and the human tongues which mocked and the human hearts which blocked divine entry—all were sustained in that dark hour by the same God who was crucified. Had He not willed His sacrifice and all its implications, all creation would have been powerless even to touch Him. And so it was that when men reared a cross and taunted God with the blasphemy of how much they hated Him, God sustained that cross and shamed men with the avowal of how much He loved them.

Today the world is still the stage set

► A man who trims himself to suit everybody will soon whittle himself away.

—CHAS. SCHWAB

for Calvary's drama, for every man is called upon, like St. Paul, to bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in his body and to fill up what is lacking of the sufferings of Christ in his flesh, for Christ's body which is the Church. Christ now reigns triumphantly in heaven. His Passion and death are over. His hostile contemporaries have long since passed away; God's judgment already has been pronounced upon them. But the men and women of today are the rich inheritors of Calvary's drama. The show must go on, because its message is forever intertwined with human destiny. The lines spoken in today's repeat performance may be somewhat altered; the sequence may contain fewer scenes; the action may not be so quick and mounting; the characters may not be so diversified and striking. Yet the plot remains ever the same. It is the struggle of good against evil; the opposition of other Judases and other Pilates against other Christs.

Modern-day saints, in the role of Christ, see the curtain of their passion-play open upon the prologue of, perhaps, a betrayal. They too play the tragedian's part in, perhaps, a mock-scene, a scourging-scene, a crowning-scene. Their last lines, like the seven last words of Christ on the cross, are a plea for

mercy. Majestically they speak their lines, hesitating as it were upon the threshold of eternity, lest a passing opportunity be lost of helping their fellow men. They labor not for the acclaim of men who do not understand heroism. They labor for one thrilling round of applause, silent now, but thunderous in eternity.

If life on earth is a tragic-drama for God's saints, it is at best an apparent comedy for the enemies of God's saints. These are the descendants of Christ's accusers, the men and women who scoff at justice and morality, hate holiness and pursue evil. Their god is made to specifications of their own choice, a heathen-god, a mere human plaything like a child's toy. That is why they cannot look beyond the stars for divine guidance; they have become completely captivated by the petty god of their own creation. That is why they refuse to accept Christ and to live peacefully with His followers. According to them, Christ does not meet their impossible demands. They want not a God-Man but some Monster-Force; they want not a merciful Saviour but a brutal liberator. Christ's followers they consider a race apart, bordering upon extinction. That is why when Christianity makes hardly a stir, they complacently let it alone, expecting it to disappear finally, even without a struggle. That is why too they are aroused to action, when Christianity asserts its claims; for in such a circumstance they detect a possible resurgence of what they had thought and hoped was practically dead forever.

THE enemies of Christ and His followers may have their comic-lines now. While crosses are raised and good men die, let such as hate Christ sportfully laugh and win the attention of the unbridled mob. Good Christians hear in their laugh only the hollow note of death!

A cross was invisibly traced over the life and labors of Christ. Today it is still being traced over the life and labors of every Christian.

This then is the glorious career of every Christian: to make the cross of Christ's choosing the cross of his own choice. A Christian is not an escapist: he does not transiently accept a cross and then perpetually run away from it. Neither is he a browbeaten slave to the cross: it does not hover over his life eventually to crush him. A Christian heroically exercises his freedom of choice. Christ's cross becomes his cross. It is the common bond which links the Master to His disciples. It becomes the human sign of man's love for God as well as the divine sign of God's love for man.



International

Paris celebrating its liberation while the Conference argued on

WE ARE now, as I write, in the sixth week of the "Conference of Paris," and I must say it is fortunate that it was given that name. "Peace Conference" would sound euphemistic in the light of what has happened here so far. In fact, all that is missing at this imposing gathering of statesmen who have come from the four corners of the earth is a battery of armor.

To think that some delegates arrive in motor cars equipped with bullet-proof windows! Molotov is one of them. And then the detectives! How many there are in plain clothes no one knows. Virtually every major delegation has its own Sherlocks on hand. The Russians brought theirs along from Moscow, NKVD men you cannot monkey with.

Those of us who wear the conference button, the one with the puny dove and the scanty olive branch, pass by the French guards all the time, but they don't trust the buttons. We've got to show credentials as well, and if we want to go to the press gallery or any of the committee rooms, we must flash special credentials on top. When we move about the staircases and corridors of the Luxembourg Palace we come across sleuths at every turn whose duty it is to check and recheck suspicious characters. The air is replete with fear and distrust, and the atmosphere is filled with intrigues.

There are people here in Paris who talk all the time of the *derniers jours de l'Europe*, of Europe's last days. They say they are making the best of it by having what they call a good time. They

are none too confident that this conference will lead to peace. Perhaps they are too pessimistic. After all, the conference has made progress. Four entire paragraphs of the Italian peace treaty are now out of the way. Imagine—2 per cent of it! And this by just the sixth week. We've got to give these gentlemen time. They bicker and squabble, but eventually they may deliver. All irony aside, I'd be surprised if the conference failed, for a good deal of the skirmishing and bluffing must not be taken too seriously.

Everybody knows that the conference cannot fail, that it must not fail. Failure would mean that the five peace treaties now under discussion be rejected wholesale. But that is out of the question. These treaties will be adopted. They will be adopted as the Big Four have drafted them, with some minor amendments. After all, this conference never was meant to have any but consultative powers. The "small" nations were to be given a chance to vent their feelings, but what they felt was never meant to make much difference.

So far it has been a talkfest all right, and often an enjoyable one at that. Particularly when the Australians and the New Zealanders let some fresh South Sea breezes into the stuffy chambers. However, if this were a marathon the Soviet would have won the prize, for they and their satellites did most of the talking. One observer has figured out that during the first fortnight they took two-thirds of all the discussion time available. Mostly they expressed indig-

The Gate of Janus

By MAX JORDAN

To an on-the-spot ob-
server of the Paris Conference
little ground is seen for build-
ing hopes of a brave new world

nation over the fact that others wanted to say something, too.

When the foreign ministers turned the business of peacemaking over to this conference it was understood that they had left but twenty-six questions unsettled. The conference didn't tackle them all. Had it attempted to, it might still deliberate at the time World War III or IV breaks loose on us. At any rate, there was enough business left for the delegates' consideration. Let's look at the issues:

1. Trieste as the bone of contention between Italy and Yugoslavia.
2. The South Tyrol, which is disputed territory between Austria and Italy.
3. Briga and Tenda, minute strips of land which now belong to Italy, but are claimed by France.
4. Italian reparations.
5. The Italian colonies, with Egypt interested in some chunks of Libya, and Ethiopia demanding Italian Somaliland.
6. Transylvania that was turned over to Rumania by the Soviet, but was by no means given up as lost by the Hungarians.
7. Hungary's application for a border correction between herself and Slovakia, coupled with a request for certain guarantees in favor of the Hungarian minorities under Slovak rule.
8. Greece's hope to gain a strip of southern Bulgaria and the Northern Epirus from Albania.
9. Bulgaria's age-old ambition to gain access to the Aegean Sea by clipping off Western Thrace from Greece.

In the background, of course, loom constantly the even bigger issues of Austria and Germany, which formally are not before this conference, but have a direct or indirect bearing on all its deliberations.

A reporter is badly lost in this maze should he try honestly to make up his mind. At the moment the correspondents are probably the most popular people around here because the delegates of sundry countries seek their good will in order to influence public opinion. The mail brings invitations every day to attend this or that cocktail party. Mostly they come from the axis satellites, the Bulgars and the Rumanians, the Hungarians and the Italians and the Finns, who all are anxious to put across their cases. You end up with a dizzy head when you've heard their many arguments and gone through the propaganda literature they dispense so freely. Somehow everybody has a good claim, and it seems you can prove both the pros and cons with appropriate statistics and graphs. Eventually, of course, one reaches the conclusion that all this quarreling is pretty much anachronistic in the age of radar and the atom bomb.

If we refer back to previous phases of European history we gain an impression as though we were thrown back into the old vicious circle which is so futile and hopeless that we despair of ever breaking it. It is as though the war had left all of its major issues unsettled, as though it had been fought in vain. It's the same greed for power which has poisoned international relations from times immemorial, but the blind leading the blind appear to carry on with their game as zestfully as ever. This, if nothing else, explains the utter cynicism and disillusionment which by now has permeated every corner of Luxembourg Palace and left a bitter taste in the mouth of all observers. It is obvious that this is not the road to peace. It is obvious, too, that no one even expects any longer that the road will be found. The "let-down" is as total as the war was total.

Yes, the conference will succeed just the same. It will write five peace treaties,

but they won't heal the wounds of war. Festering sores will remain and no one will be satisfied. Perhaps the Russian conception isn't all wrong that the Big Four should write the peace and forget about the "small" powers because the "small" powers will never settle anything. But will the "big" ones? Have the Big Four set an example, have they really pointed a better way, one that would lead to a fundamental conception of justice, in other words, a Christian way?

Recently, when they celebrated the anniversary of the liberation of Paris, Tovarich Molotov walked out on the whole show because he was not given a seat in the front row. The seating arrangement was alphabetical, and it so happened that the Russian representative came under U—the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics. "Molly," as they call him around here, felt hurt. He quit because he was mad. Prestige was at stake. And of course, it's at stake with all his colleagues, too. Power politics thrives on it, for it is predicated on a nationalistic conception of so-called state sovereignty.

WE mustn't be starry-eyed dreamers. We must be "realists." In the terminology of politics that means to take the evil for granted and not to believe in the supremacy of higher moral principles in human affairs. Deep down, of course, it means paganism, and that's exactly what we've got in this derelict, straggling world of ours which has forgotten the very ideals it fought for when it took a stand against tyranny and aggression. Today we face a deep chasm between East and West, and no one knows how it can ever be bridged.

It is because of these tragic circumstances that the treaties which will emerge from the Paris conference will in a sense all be just scraps of paper because their pattern is not the one of justice, of a justice equally applying to both vanquished and victors. What's even worse, in the last resort it won't amount to much what the peace treaties say since their interpretation and application will depend almost entirely on

the good pleasure and the predominant interests of the major powers. For this reason, too, things will remain pretty much unchanged. There won't be stability just as there hasn't been stability before. With a sad sigh Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen will have to get used again to what has been uncomfortably customary all along, for the pretty dreams of freedoms and charters are over, and we are among ourselves again, humans behaving none too humanely. . . .

The Paris delegates have become irksome and jumpy; they throw invectives at one another and they cuss when they are not overheard. Many of them are in a mood of throwing up the sponge.

From now on world affairs will revolve around this fundamental fact. The Russian orbit and the Western orbit will stand face to face. The best one may expect is that they won't continue to make faces at each other all the time. For the present, and for some years to come, the international game will be determined by the new dynamics arising from the rivalry among the Big Three, and all other issues will be but incidental. Clearly, the Balkans will remain the powder keg they've been so long, even though the Western Powers won't have free access to that sphere. The whole Danubian region will be within the Russian zone of influence, and Moscow won't budge an inch in maintaining the position it has secured for itself in Eastern and Central Europe. This means simply that it will keep what it has got, without surrendering claims that reach beyond its present realm. Peace treaties, or no peace treaties that basic line won't be shaken, and we might as well take that for granted.

The Mediterranean lies at the very crossroads of the various imperialisms, and the stakes in that whole region are high. The British stake is in the Near East with its oil resources, in Greece, and in Italy which controls vital sea routes, in Spain which stands immovable at the Atlantic gates. Russia's push toward the Dardanelles and the Adriatic is aimed at all these strongholds of British power. Palestine and Egypt are but pawns in that game of global chess. In the Baltic and the North Sea the situation is parallel. Moscow has no intention to retire from the outposts it has gained. It has secured a firm control in Poland and keeps a close watch over Czechoslovakia. Its zones of occupation in both Austria and Germany are slowly, but methodically, being integrated in the Soviet system. It has a plan and carries it out while the Western Allies steer pretty much in the dark. All they can do at present is to look on and to keep secure the boundary that is theirs.

Because no one knows a better answer to the problem the gap is conveniently

Everything Under Control



►The three partners of a small business decided to take the day off and go to the races. As they were driving out to the track, one of them groaned.

"What's wrong?" asked another.
"I just remembered—I left the safe open."

"What are you worried about?" asked the third partner. "We're all here, aren't we?"

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ignored as far as official dealings between the Eastern and the Western governments are concerned. But ideologically it is difficult to conceal it. The East preaches a "social" democracy which is totalitarian and intolerant, while the West still believes in a political democracy of traditional observance. But this political democracy which is liberalistic and rationalistic to the core stands on one leg only. It lacks the spiritual foundation, the moral strength whereby it could challenge the false prophets, and these false prophets have no scruples in applying the epithet of "Fascist" to anyone disagreeing with them. Their missionary zeal as well as their efficiency are colossal, and the Western democracies are at loss to oppose an equally dynamic zeal of their own. Thus we must go back to the fundamental issues, revive our faith in the ideals that are the inheritance of a better past, return to the roots of all Western civilization which, when everything is said, are the roots of the civilization of all mankind, roots that are supernatural in that they derive the power of all creation from the Creator.

There is one consolation that is still ours when we thus weigh the balance. Time still marches on. We thought of it the other day when Paris celebrated. Two years had gone by since its liberation. The long dark night of Nazi oppression had lasted four years, but time marched on. Often it marches faster than we expect. And with time, frequently enough marches disaster. Barely a year ago the Big Three in Potsdam set down rules by which the postwar world was to be governed. Now those accords are dead but in name. Hunger was stronger than men, nature was stronger, Divine Providence was stronger. What a lesson this first year of "peace" could be! It has cost Austria and Hungary combined the paltry sum of a billion dollars and a half in occupation costs. And still these countries remain a liability, and the people suffer. Horace knew it in his days. When the governors mess up things the governed have to pay. That's about what he said some two thousand years ago. We haven't made much progress since.

The Romans used to keep the shrine of Janus open in war and closed in peace. The double-faced deity looked in two directions to indicate the choice which is always ours, between peace and war, the crossroads all generations inexorably confront. Now comes the time, after this second huge war of our generation, when we must again decide whether the gate should be closed. How long the lock might hold is up to us. Humanity watches anxiously to see which of the two faces of Janus will be turned our way.

SURGEON WITH A WHISTLE

A SIGN SPORTS STORY



FOR twenty-seven years, Dr. Edward J. O'Brien of Boston led a double life. Six days a week he was one of the city's more prominent surgeons, but on Saturdays during the fall he laid aside his scalpel for a football referee's whistle.

Football was Eddie O'Brien's hobby, and he refereed perhaps more major college games than anyone else in the country. Army-Notre Dame, Yale-Harvard, Dartmouth-Princeton, N.Y.U.-Fordham, Holy Cross-Boston College, Army-Navy-O'Brien handled all of them with a competence that won him the reputation of being the top referee in the East and one of the best in America.

Notre Dame's immortal Knute Rockne once said of him: "That fellow won't give me a thing—but I know he won't give the other team anything either."

Pop Warner refused to bring his Stanford team east to play Dartmouth one year unless O'Brien refereed the game. "He's one man I know will call them as he sees them," said the gridiron sage.

O'Brien officiated at the fateful Yale-Army game of 1931 in which Cadet Dick Sheridan was killed. Sheridan and halfback Ray Stecker bolted down the field under a kickoff and lunged simultaneously at Yale's Bob Lassiter, who caught the ball. All three went crashing to the turf. Stecker and Lassiter dragged themselves to their feet, but Sheridan never moved.

In an instant, O'Brien was on his knees beside the injured Army player. His practiced eye noted that the cadet had no nervous or muscular reaction. This, O'Brien knew, meant that the phrenic nerves had been paralyzed and that possibly Sheridan's neck was broken.

The doctor's diagnosis proved tragically correct. Sheridan never regained consciousness and died two days later at a hospital.

Months afterward O'Brien got a letter from the cadet's widowed mother. She had read in the newspapers, she said, that her only son died without suffering. She hoped and prayed that it was true—yet still

she wondered. O'Brien, writing not as a football official or a surgeon, but as a father of four boys himself, assured Mrs. Sheridan that her son had felt no pain. The terrific force of the tackle, the doctor explained, had severed the boy's spinal cord and he never knew what happened.

That Yale-Army game was the only one O'Brien didn't enjoy refereeing in his entire career, a career that began when he was a young premedical student working his way through Boston College by reporting schoolboy sports for a Boston newspaper.

One day two high school coaches couldn't agree on a referee so they called O'Brien down from the press box and handed him a whistle.

"Everything went off all right," he recalls, "and when the game was over they gave me five dollars. I said to myself, 'Eddie, that's the easiest five bucks you ever picked up in your life. You'd better stick to this game.'"

And stick to it he did for more than a quarter century. When he retired a few years ago, he was getting up to \$150 for a single game, and though well past forty he still could beat most ends down the field under a punt.

One decision he'll always remember came in the 1922 Alabama-Penn game at Franklin Field in Philadelphia. Thurman, Penn's All-America tackle, slugged an Alabama player and O'Brien immediately ejected him from the game for unnecessary roughness. Leaving the field after the game, the 160-pound referee was accosted by the giant Thurman and a half dozen of his enraged fraternity brothers.

"There have been a lot of track records set at Franklin Field," O'Brien laughs as he recalls the incident today, "but I broke every single one of them running from the stadium to my train."

Was he ever nervous before a big game? "Never," replied the doctor. "After the first few, refereeing football games got to be just like taking out another appendix."

—JOSEPH NOLAN

THREE things were forever linked in Cathie's mind with the coming of her stepmother to Gray Gables—the feeling of aloneness at seeing her father and his new wife, Luella, together; the brilliance of the earrings Luella wore; and the terrifying scene between her father and Plod.

In her best white pinafore over a blue serge dress, shoe buttons in perfect line, black stockings gartered up so tightly they stiffened her knees, blonde pigtail pulling her hair at the roots, cheeks pink from scrubbing and excitement, seven-year-old Cathie waited at the top of the veranda steps.

Em'line popped her head through the front door for a routine warning. "You ain't getting mussed now?"

Cathie twisted in negation, freckled nose pointed down the driveway, blue eyes never swerving their gaze.

"You ain't sucking your locket?"

Cathie twisted again. "Well, remember . . ."

But Cathie's ears had caught the sound waited for—the faint clip-clop of horses' feet. The carriage was coming, and in it would be Father—and *her*.

Cathie's heart began to race. Uncertainly, in need, her gaze sought Em'line, but the door had closed. She was alone. They were coming. There they were! Old Abner driving, Duke and Prince stepping high. Cathie, looking around wildly for support, saw Plod clumping along by the rose hedge. She squealed, "Oh, Plod, Plod, come quick!" But the wheels on the gravel and the hoof-stamping flourish of Abner's halt drowned out her voice. The locket popped into her mouth and, sturdy figure braced, she waited.

Her father stepped down, reached to assist someone in a fawn-colored suit with black braid, a wing-trimmed hat, a

The Girl

BY DONALD LUPPINS

A little sea-

thing to love. All could
earrings, and on the cent-



Earrings

BY DONALD LUPPO

A little search for some-
All could find were the
on the centered her heart



veil. They seemed to float up the steps toward Cathie; her own feet wouldn't move.

Her father's moustache tickled when he kissed her; then he held her off from him. "Well, this is Cathie, Luella."

Cathie met the appraisal of gray eyes in a slender face with straight, delicate nose, curved lips, and a rounded chin. Disconcerted, she forgot the curtsey Em'line had cautioned her to remember and the phrase of greeting Em'line had rehearsed.

"This is your new mother, Cathie."

Words wouldn't come and she couldn't go on staring into the gray eyes. Then Luella moved her head and pushed back her veil; the sunlight glinted on her earrings, making an unbelievable little blaze of splendor. Cathie's attention focused . . .

"Catharine!" Her father's tone was stern.

Cathie gulped, bobbed a curtsey and said, "W'come Gray Gables," in one breath, her eyes round, the locket popping from her mouth.

Luella laughed. "So this is Cathie. Goodness! she doesn't favor you a bit, does she, Rob?"

Her father laughed, too, eyes on Luella, and Cathie felt aloneness close in. They weren't even seeing her, really. She fixed her gaze again on the earrings.

"Well," Luella was saying, "I hope you're glad to see me, Cathie." She bit her lip. "Goodness, Rob darling, I'd no idea she was such a big girl."

"Of course she's glad to see you," Robert Chisholm said heartily. "You must speak up, Cathie." His eyes sought his young wife again. "Well, this is home, my darling."

Luella looked across the great expanse of lawn. "It's beautiful, but I shall feel little and lost in all this immensity." She smiled coyly. "I shan't want to be out of your sight a minute."

"Little city girl! You're going to love it."

They turned now to go in. Then abruptly, without warning, Luella screamed and clutched Rob's arm. "Oh—oh—over there! Look!"

Following their gaze Cathie saw Plod's long curious face peering through the trumpet vine at the end of the verandah. At once Cathie felt the presence of an ally. She was no longer one against two. Even if it were only Plod.

"Plod!" she cried excitedly, pigtails jumping. "Plod, this is my new mother. She's going to live here. She's . . ."

"Plod!" broke in Rob Chisholm angrily, an arm around his startled wife. "What the devil do you mean hanging around the house?"

Luella placed them adroitly in her pierced ear lobes, turned her head this way and that

"Oh, Father, he wants to see . . ."

"Be still, Catharine. Haven't I told you, Plod?"

The idiot boy's big head nodded, his mouth drooping in hurt. "Uh-huh."

"Yessir!" Cathie pantomimed behind Rob's back.

"Yessir," Plod cackled foolishly.

"Oh, don't let him come near me," Luella moaned.

"Be off with you, now," Rob ordered, and Plod clumped away at the gait which had given him his nickname, but he kept turning to look back.

"He's harmless," Rob assured his wife. "He was born on the place. He sleeps in the stable. Old Abner and his wife feed him."

"You never told me. I'll be terrified way out here, with that awful grinning creature—"

Cathie broke in. "Plod only grins when he likes you. Why, he can growl like . . ."

"Cathie, hush!"

"But Father . . ."

Luella raised tragic gray eyes. "If you'd only prepared me—for all this, I'll never . . ."

They moved toward the door. Rob Chisholm was black-browed, "I'll see that he keeps out of the way."

"But I'll know he's around. Oh, Rob, I couldn't stand it. I . . ."

Cathie had never seen her father look so; his face frightened her. "Luella, I promise you—look at me, Luella—I promise you that if he causes any trouble at all, my darling, I'll do the only thing left to be done." The words were solemn, portentous. "I'll have him committed."

"Rob—you would?"

"Yes, for you. If it comes to that."

Cathie's heart jerked in horror as she stared at her father. Why, he'd always liked poor Plod.

Committed! Oh, she knew that word. "Gram" Peterson used it often enough. Hadn't she said not a week ago in Cathie's hearing, "Poor Mary Chisholm was committed to the earth just three years ago this month. She was laid away on the fifteenth." You were dead when they did that. You had to be dead. *Her father would kill Plod if he frightened Luella.* Cathie drew back.

"No, no. You wouldn't, Father. Not Plod."

Chagrined by the scene, the spoiled home-coming, Rob Chisholm retorted sharply, "I'll do just that—and I mean it. I wouldn't hesitate."

Hot tears welled up in Cathie's eyes. "It's because she's come. It's because of her."

"Catharine! apologize to Luella at once." Cathie had never known he could look so angry.

She backed away a step. She began to sob, but over her stuck-out lip the words

came defiantly, "I won't, I won't. She'll make you do that to Plod." She couldn't speak the awful word.

The door opened and Em'line appeared and crying wildly Cathie hurled herself upon the broad figure. "Take that child to her room," Rob Chisholm ordered. "Luella . . ."

Luella looked piteous. "I feel faint, Bob . . ."

Cathie, lifting a wet face from Em'line's apron, saw her father assisting Luella into the house, saw her turn her face up to his, saw the sunlight kindle again upon the earrings.

"YOU must love your new mother," Gram Peterson told Cathie solemnly when the little girl came down the road to call and receive ginger cookies.

"But I don't."

"That's wicked, Cathie. God sent her to take your own dear mother's place and it's your duty to love her."

"How?"

"Well,"—Gram adjusted her glasses—"you must find some nice things about her and love those; then you'll find more nice things. And you must pray every day to love her."

"I do. Em'line makes me." Cathie bit into another ginger cookie thoughtfully. "If I—I find the nice things—will it make her love me back?"

"Of course." Gram Peterson's voice was very hearty. "Of course, that's just how it works." She wrapped three large cookies in a square of paper. "You just try—and see."

Cathie thought about it on the way home. Her father loved Luella; his face got all sort of shiny when he looked at her. And Luella loved him. If they included her . . .

It was all easier than she had expected, really. The hardest part was knocking at Luella's door, having it open, and hearing Luella say, "Did you want something, Cathie?"

"—I just wanted to come in," Cathie said.

"Oh . . ." Luella hesitated. "Well, come in, then."

And on the dressing table were the earrings, the beautiful earrings, in a little satin-lined box. Right then Cathie knew that Gram Peterson was right. The earrings were Luella's, and they were something that Cathie could love.

She picked them up, two little diamond sunbursts. As she turned her hand this way and that the light caught them. One moment they were flame, then they were dew in a cupped nasturtium leaf.

"What are you touching?" Luella put the last pin in her lovely up-piled hair.

Cathie extended her hand. "These. I love them."

Luella came to her swiftly and took them. "Oh, you mustn't touch things." She placed them adroitly in her pierced

ear lobes, turned her head this way and that before the mirror. "I love them, too. The very instant I saw them I wanted them. Your father gave them to me as a wedding gift."

"He did? My father did? Then he loves them too?"

"Why, I don't know. I suppose so. You do say such funny things, Cathie."

"I've found something about Luella that I love," Cathie told Gram Peterson gravely.

The old lady put an arm about her visitor. "Have you now? What is it?"

"Her earrings. The ones my father gave her."

"Earrings! Oh, well, Cathie—you see, I meant . . ."

"She loves them, he loves them, I love them." Cathie sucked at her locket thoughtfully. "Pretty soon she'll love me back, won't she?"

Gram Peterson swallowed.

"I like loving them," Cathie said. "They're so pretty."

Cathie worked hard at it. On every occasion she would watch the twinkling in Luella's ears and say to herself, "I love the earrings."

"Why do you always stare at me so?" Luella asked once. She arched her neck a little. "Am I pretty, Cathie?"

Cathie nodded. "Yes, you're pretty. I love the earrings."

"Is that all you can think of?"

"Right now, but after while there'll be something else."

"I've never seen such a strange child."

Cathie got up quickly. Through the window she had seen Plod by the rose hedge. Oh, he mustn't . . . She had told

► The tragedy of age is not that one is old, but that one is young.

—OSCAR WILDE

him that very morning in the stable as they fed carrots to the horses, "Don't come near the house, Plod."

"Uh-huh. Why?"

"She'll get scared, Plod."

"I wants to see her."

"Oh, I'll tell you about her, Plod. It's just like seeing, just as good. She's pretty, and she's got pretty things, all fluffy and pink and lacy. And earrings, Plod, the most beautiful earrings." She told him, "I love those. It's sort of the same as loving Luella. That's my dooty, Gram Peterson says."

The day that Luella's door stood open and Cathie went in, the earrings lay on the dressing table by the open window. Each time the curtains moved in the breeze the sunlight struck flame from them. Cathie put her hands behind her for a while and looked. She didn't mean

to touch them but somehow they were in her hands when Luella came in. Startled, she drew back guiltily. One of the earrings fell to the floor.

"You're at my earrings again," Luella cried, pouncing upon it. "I've told you not to touch them. Where is the other one? Give it to me."

Cathie stood there, a lump growing in her throat. It hadn't worked like Gram said it would. Maybe if she'd picked something else . . .

She said, trying to put it into words, "I wish Father hadn't given them to you."

"Oh, you do. That's a nice thing!"

"I mean . . ."

"I know what you mean and I don't like it. And you're not to come in here again uninvited. Cathie, are you listening? Cathie, I want you to answer me."

But the lump would not permit that. With a flurry of brief starched petticoats Cathie slipped past Luella and ran.

THE next afternoon Em'line was brushing Cathie's hair and fashionsing the tight braids when Luella burst into the room, her face oddly pale, her eyes so big they looked black.

"What have you done with them?"

Cathie stared, drawing back against Em'line.

"Answer me. Where are my earrings?"

"I didn't touch them."

"You took them, Catharine Chisholm; I know you took them. I left them on my dressing table—and they're gone." Luella was crying now. "If you think you can do this and go unpunished . . ."

Cathie shook her head. "I didn't." She looked in fright at Em'line. "I didn't touch them, Em'line. Not today, I mean."

"You've been at them every chance you've got, and now you've taken them. That's stealing."

"I haven't got them."

"Your father will be home in a few minutes and then we'll see."

Her father's sternness was more frightening than Luella's hysteria. And always before he had believed her. Something knotted in the pit of Cathie's stomach.

But she held staunchly to her first denial. "I didn't take them."

"Luella found you in her room yesterday and you had them in your hands."

"'Cause they were pretty. I—I just touched them a little bit."

"And so today—"

Cathie's eyes were wide. "I didn't take them, Father."

"She must have, Rob." Luella was wringing her hands. "She's been jealous ever since she found out you gave them to me. She said she wished you hadn't given them to me."

"You said that, Cathie?"

"I didn't mean . . ."

*Her father stepped down,
reached to assist
someone*



Luella was sobbing. "She did it because she hates me. I should never have come here."

Cathie saw her father's face go white. He said grimly, "Catharine, I'm giving you one more chance."

"But I didn't take them, Father."

"Go up to your room, Catharine. I've never had to whip you before . . ."

The whipping wasn't as hard to bear as what followed. Cathie was treated as if she were invisible. No one spoke to her. Even Em'line . . .

"Why must you be so stubborn, Miss Cathie?"

She had to be stubborn or cry. She stuck out her lip. "I hope she never finds 'em."

"That's wicked." Em'line's mouth grew tight, unresponsive.

Cathie longed to tell her woes to Gram Peterson, but she had been forbidden to leave the Gray Gables' property. About the only thing not forbidden her was Plod's company, because no one thought of him.

Cathie found him sitting in a patch of sunlight behind the stable. He was holding out his hand, moving it back and forth. Cathie, coming closer, saw something glitter. Saw the earrings.

Her horrified "Plod!" made the idiot boy jump. Then he grinned and thrust his hand in his pocket.

"Plod, you've got them!"

He shook his head. He withdrew his hand, opened it a trifle, squinted at it. "Perty buttons," he said.

"They're not buttons, they're her earrings. Where'd you get them?"

Plod nodded toward the house.

"You went up there!"

"Uh-huh. You said there was perty things." His mouth drew down. "Weren't none. Just these buttons."

"Plod, you didn't go inside? After what Father . . ."

He grinned. "Jes' stuck in my hand." Cathie remembered the open window by Luella's dressing table.

Plod squinted at his prize again. "Perty," he said.

Cathie's heart thrummed in her chest. "Oh, Plod, give them to me, quick. You were a bad Plod to take them."

Plod's face clouded suddenly, his hand closed. He shook his head. "Unh-uh."

"Oh, Plod!" Cathie pounced upon his fist and tried to pry open the long, stubborn fingers. "You give them right here, this minute, do you hear, Plod?"

Usually she bullied or cajoled him to her way, but this time she could do nothing. The glitter of the stones had seized his dull fancy.

When Cathie, frantic, pounded at him with impotent fists he got up with the hurt look of a scolded mastiff and clumped up the ladder to the loft where he had his bed.

"Plod, you will give them to me, you will, you will." Cathie was sobbing now as she tried to follow him up the ladder. But he dropped the heavy trap door almost on her fingers. She clung to the ladder, tears drying on her cheeks. Then, a slowly rising tide, came fear.

If her father should find out—if he should discover that Plod had the earrings. Her earrings. He'd do it—that awful thing he'd said he'd do.

Knowledge of her secret tightened

Cathie's throat so she could hardly eat her lunch. "Guilt sits heavy," Em'line told her darkly. As soon as she could slip away she went to watch again for Plod. This time she tried coaxing.

"Please, Plod."

"Unh-uh. They're perty."

"Please. Nice Plod, give them to Cathie."

"Unh-uh." He began to edge away.

Small chest tight with worry, Cathie went back to the house. As she passed Luella's door her stepmother came out. She looked as if she had been crying. "Where are you going, Cathie?"

"Just—just to my room."

"Cathie—let's not keep on like this. Why won't you tell the truth?"

Luella regarded her searchingly. "Can you look me in the face, Cathie, and tell me honestly that you know nothing about this?" She took the child by the shoulder. "Answer me, Cathie."

Cathie was silent but her gaze fled from Luella's, her cheeks flamed, then paled.

"So you are lying. You were so stubborn I was willing to believe that maybe we were all wrong. But it's written right on your face."

Another day passed like a bad dream. There was no one in whom she could confide. And she could not persuade Plod to relinquish the earrings. Whenever he saw her he thrust them at once into the gaping pocket of his old coat and began to shake his head.

Somehow she had to get them. Then out of her desperation came the plan. Before old Abner was up to feed the horses, before anyone was awake she'd go to the stable. She'd be as quiet . . . and Plod was a heavy sleeper. Why hadn't she done this sooner? Once Luella had the earrings back, they'd get over being angry with her. And Plod would be safe.

IT was getting light when Cathie awakened. She dressed hurriedly as well as she could, but couldn't do the back buttons of her dress, or find the buttonhook for her shoes. She left off the dress; it was simpler.

She ran all the way to the stable and a moment later stood, baffled and despairing, gazing up at the closed heavy trap door.

Then Prince nickered softly and she remembered the opening in the ceiling above his feed rack where the hay was put down from the loft. It looked a long way up, but if she were careful and put a foot there, and there—and then reached up with her hands . . .

Abner, coming to feed the horses, found her crumpled by the manger, one leg doubled beneath her, while perilously close to her the frightened horse snorted and plunged against his tie rope.

It seemed to Cathie she had solved nothing. It was the second day following her accident. They were all kind to her now, only endlessly they asked the question she could not, dared not answer. "But what were you doing out there, Cathie?" And once she heard her father say in a low, intense voice to Luella, "Somehow, I'm going to get to the bottom of all this. I tell you, I am."

The doctor gave her a little respite. "Like as not the child was walking in her sleep. If so, she wouldn't remember."

"Were you, Cathie?" Luella asked, watching her closely. "Were you, do you think?" Most of all Cathie feared the thoughtful watching of Luella's eyes.

It was a warm afternoon. There were voices by the door and Cathie's father came in with Gram Peterson. The old lady had on her Sunday voile and carried a basket of ginger cookies.

"It's Gram Peterson," Rob Chisholm said. "She's come to see you, Cathie. I don't believe you have met my wife, Mrs. Peterson."

"I'm a slow body at paying calls," Gram said, smiling, her blue eyes appraising Luella, "but I've heard about you from Cathie."

Gram seated herself by the bed and took the little girl's hand. "I've missed you, dearie. You haven't been to see me." Cathie's glance flicked uneasily to her father, to Luella, back to Gram.

GRAM rocked comfortably, her blue gaze sweet, her touch pleasantly soothing. She asked no questions. Cathie relaxed. A drowsiness began to creep over her.

Then there was the sound of a dragging step on the porch beyond the opened window. "Mis' Cathie, Mis' Cathie . . ." Plod calling her.

Cathie's eyes flew open, wide with terror; she struggled to sit up. Luella said, "Rob, it's that—that idiot boy!"

Rob Chisholm turned toward the door and Cathie's shrill scream of warning startled them all. "Plod, run, run quick. Plod, run . . ."

Her father stared at her. "Cathie, it's

only Plod." He went to the French doors, opened them. "Plod wants to see you, Cathie, because you're hurt. Luella, be reasonable about this; I'm here . . . afterward I'll see that . . ."

"Land, let the poor soul come in," Gram Peterson said. "I spect he's about lost without Cathie."

"Plod, go way," moaned Cathie, pressing against Gram. "He'll get you. Plod."

It was too late. Plod shuffled into the room, stood looking from one to the other, half grinning, half troubled. He pulled a hand from his pocket. "You kin have my purty buttons," he said, and dumped the earrings on the coverlet before Cathie.

A gasp came from Luella.

"Her wanted 'em," the idiot said. "Her got mad at Plod 'cause Plod took 'em." He looked at the stunned, silent faces then, frightened by he knew not what, began to sidle toward the door.

"Just a minute, Plod." Rob Chisholm reached out to take the boy's arm and Plod pulled back.

Cathie's cry held the depths of her fear. "Don't, Father, don't kill him. Father, he didn't mean to take them; Father, he didn't . . ."

They stared at her. "Cathie," Luella began.

Cathie's eyes besought her. "Don't make him do it. Please . . ."

Rob Chisholm came to the bedside. "Cathie child, no one is going to hurt Plod. See, he's going. Cathie, why didn't you tell us he had the earrings?" His face looked strained, white.

She clung to Gram's hand. "You said if—he caused any trouble—if he frightened her, you'd—kill him."

"Cathie, I never said such a thing."

"You did, the very minute she arrived and Plod scared her. You said you'd do it—for her."

"Cathie, I couldn't have."

"You did. You said you'd have him committed."

"But child, that doesn't mean . . ."

"Gram said so, didn't you, Gram? You said my mother was—was commit-

ted to the earth. And she had to be dead first."

Gram spoke quietly, soothingly. "Words are used in different ways, Cathie. With Plod it would mean a sort of hospital where he'd be taken care of." She looked at Luella and Rob Chisholm, at their stricken faces. She looked at Cathie and spoke very clearly. "Was that why you couldn't love your stepmother, because of Plod?"

Cathie nodded.

THE old lady rose, smoothing down her voile with wrinkled hands. Her eyes had lost their twinkle. "Cathie wanted to love you, Mrs. Chisholm. She prayed every night that she would. But because of Plod . . . None of us knew about that, of course. I told her she must find the nicest thing about you and love that; then after a while she'd find more and more things. She asked, 'Will that make her love me back?'"

Luella looked as if she had been struck, but Gram was merciless. "The one thing she could find," the clear old voice went on, "was your earrings. To her they were part of you. Loving them became a ritual. So you'd 'love her back.' Now, you know."

Luella was crying. She looked in anguish at Rob, but he made no move toward her. Between them was the wall their selfish thoughtlessness had built.

Cathie looked wide-eyed and wondering from one to the other.

Luella came to her bedside. Her humility was not maudlin, but it was genuine. "Cathie," she said, "I didn't understand—any of the things I should have. I—I don't know very much about little girls; I'll have to learn. I've been scared really, inside of me. I was wrong to accuse you, we were all wrong." She fumbled for words. "Cathie, it would work—about the earrings, I mean."

"It didn't."

"If I shared them with you?" Luella held them out in her open palm.

"You mean? . . ."

Luella nodded. "If your father had a chain made for each of them—a little gold chain. We could each wear one. Then I wouldn't be leaving them lying around where someone like Plod . . ."

"But Em'line said—she said wedding presents are most important. And you said you loved them."

"I do, very much. More than anything I have, Cathie. And you love them, too. So if we each had one we'd have something to love about each other. Then after a while, like Gram Peterson says, we'll find other things."

Warmth began to flow through Cathie. She looked at Luella, at her father. They were looking at each other, yet they were looking at her, too. It was an including look, and she felt at the very center of it.

Footnotes to Fame—XXIX



► As two nuns were walking down Fifth Avenue a car pulled alongside and a smiling man with a pleasant voice said, "Going my way?"

"We are going to St. Vincent's Hospital," one of them answered. It happened that he was too. After they had gone two blocks, he stopped the car and went into Schrafft's. Coming out, he handed the nuns a neatly wrapped package which they didn't open until they were back home. Inside the package, they found a box of candy and a card. "Best of luck," the card read, "Bing Crosby."

—The Queen's Work



Industrial relations in America are carried out on a principle of conflict leading inevitably to strikes. Big business and big unionism have respect for only one factor—economic power



Press Ass'n. photo

It is time some Catholics caught up with the Church. Catholic social doctrine is the most radical—even revolutionary—in the world today

Catholic Radicalism

THE reaction of the majority of Catholics in many discussions of the labor question might be considered amusing if it did not contain a note bordering on the tragic. Unless you accept the status quo of present-day society as something sacrosanct, if you dare breathe a quiet criticism of the capitalistic system, if you are foolhardy enough to say that even Communists, in spite of the cruel solutions that they present as a corrective, may have a certain amount of truth concealed in their protests, you immediately become suspect of something horrendous. You must be at best a weak Catholic and at worst a renegade, a heretic, or a Communist in disguise.

It is time that some of our Catholic confreres caught up with the Catholic Church. That does not mean, of course, that everyone who is critical of the abuses of labor unions is not in tune with Catholic teaching. Nor does it imply that the overzealous champion of the workers' cause is always on the side of the angels. It simply means that too many Catholics seem set in a reactionary

mold that amounts practically to social bigotry.

The attitude comes from the necessary disposition which a true Catholic must possess toward religious truth and the spiritual life. In religious matters we Catholics are reactionary. We are not merely passive, tolerant adherents of the status quo on such subjects. We are bold, stubborn, unrelenting champions of a "no change" doctrine. We grant to no human being the right to trifle with or to attempt to alter the teaching of Christ and the Church. Man cannot improve on the Almighty and the Infinite Author of all things. In the realm of the spiritual we are reactionary. We boast it. We are proud of it. We will not budge.

God has given His revelation. There is one Church. The Holy Father is the Vicar of Christ. He enjoys the unique prerogative of infallibility when speaking *ex cathedra*. There are ten com-

mandments. There are seven sacraments. The moral law is an unchangeable decree. On these things there can be no question as to the proper Catholic attitude.

When you get into the field of social questions, however, and the relation of the present capitalistic system to the needs of human living, there is certainly no such binding force that compels Catholics to accept things as they are. As a matter of fact the exact opposite is true. The Catholic social doctrine is the most radical in the world. We are not content to be "liberal." We want a sweeping, deep-seated, thorough change. A revolutionary change if you will. Revolution—not, of course, of guns and bombs, but in its impact upon the hearts and minds of men. The papal plan for the reconstruction of industrial society would uproot some of the most cherished prejudices and most profitable practices of the present system. For that reason it gets a slow and a hard hearing.

If we were to judge from some of the statements heard and some of the objec-

By WILLIAM SMITH, S.J.

tions expressed in letters to the editors in Catholic papers, you might think that present-day capitalism, as it operates, has been canonized by the Catholic Church. Nothing is further from the truth. Some of the passages of the encyclical of Pope Pius are nothing less than searing indictments of present-day thinking and practice and a call for stringent reform.

Finance capitalism is in accord with Catholic teaching insofar as it defends the right of private property and acts as a bulwark against the Socialist principle that labor is entitled to the whole fruit of industry. In its utter disregard for the social aspect of property and in its implicit clinging to the principle of rugged individualism, it is in direct contradiction to that teaching.

ABUSES that certain labor leaders are guilty of do not in the least mitigate the weaknesses and the maladjustments and the unsound principles of modern capitalism. Seldom will you find Catholic advocates of unionism defending the evil practices of the labor leader. What is being defended is the cause of the workers and the very principle of unionism itself. If there seems to be an appearance of tolerance of the evil of individuals, it is not a deliberate defense but a certain inability to discern where the one objective begins and the other ends.

The strings of good and evil are so entwined in some of the specific, complicated cases that occur, that the ordinary observer or reader, seeing only surface issues, unaware of the underlying relations between the contesting parties, comes to the hasty conclusion that the labor champion is advocating and endeavoring to protect an evil. The reprehensible act of the union leader may be public. The hidden and subtle cause of the final act that brings reproach upon the labor man may well be strategic moves of a stubborn management that go unrecognized because of clever concealment on the part of the invisible perpetrator.

Aside from the particular claims and counter-claims of those who are reputed to be pro or antilabor, there is a fundamental point that must be stressed. It is our contention that the economic system that we now know as capitalism is contrary to the mind of the Vatican as to what industry should be, and that it is the social obligation of all Catholics to raise their voices in protest and cry out for a change.

Mr. John L. Lewis, the battling leader of the miners, the nemesis of the coal operators, and the periodic scourge of the public, is Exhibit A of what is wrong with finance capitalism. I lay it down as an undeniable premise, "John L. Lewis

is as logical as sunshine." As the present system operates, his course follows all the rules and fits into the picture and the pattern of our economy with perfect symmetry. Industrial relations in America are carried out on a *principle of conflict*. It is undeclared economic warfare until it explodes in a strike. Then it becomes open warfare.

Neither big business nor big unionism acknowledges a code. They have no respect for one another, and their regard for the public and the common good is submerged in the interests of their own particular objectives. Economic power, not justice, is the determining factor of their negotiations. The victories of labor, however, as regards wages, seldom reach beyond or even up to the scale of social justice. With all the strikes that have occurred in recent months, American workers are still just about meeting the cost of living. Big business is vitally concerned about the unions' "challenge" to its entrenched power. The result is constant warfare. It is wrong as a basis of industrial life.

Is that exposition Communistic? Am I an advocate of class warfare merely for stating the facts of an evident analysis? The difference between the Catholic attitude and the Communist approach is not necessarily in the diagnosis. It is quite possible that a Communist and a Catholic may come to the same conclusion about the unsoundness of the capitalistic system either for the same or for different reasons. The essential disparity is in the remedy and the means of solution that they offer. The Communist aims at the violent or nonviolent overthrow and destruction of the capitalist economy together with the political forms of parliamentary government which ordinarily accompany it. He would destroy the very exercise of the right of private property, subordinate the individual to the state, and substitute a dictated economy and a forced method of life. The Catholic answer is exactly the opposite.

We do not want less democracy in industry and in the nation, but more. We

do not seek the stifling of human liberties but a fuller exercise of them by more and more people. We look for economic democracy as well as political democracy.

When the Holy Father urges the formation of industry along the lines of vocational groupings, he is asking that capitalism be changed. That is not the same as demanding its destruction. Call it capitalism when you have finished with it or call it what you like. The point is that the Church has called upon her members to lend every assistance to effect such a modification of the present system that greater justice and a fairer distribution of goods and easier security may be granted to all our citizens.

The fundamental change must come in the principle of bargaining. Today it is one of conflict. In the industrial society of the future it must be one of co-operation. To achieve that, labor and management must be brought to accept a mutual objective.

No one, we feel sure, can object to these four points as the mutual objective of the two essential elements of industry: 1) full production for full employment; 2) an honest, living wage for the worker and his family; 3) a fair price to the consumer for the product sold; 4) an honest, just dividend for the investor.

That is and should be the mutual objective of capital and labor. It actually is that, but either they refuse to recognize it or the present framework of capitalistic industry makes it impossible of attainment.

An enlightened and intelligent labor leadership will be more willing to accept the necessary adjustments to make that objective a reality than will management. The simple reason is that if the two are to work as a team instead of as embattled adversaries, the representatives of the workers must be granted a far greater voice in the determining of the relative value of these four factors than they have had to date. There is the real hitch in the program.

If the concept is to be gradually ac-

Confidence

► An expert had condescended to teach the new member how to play golf. Placing the ball on the tee and pointing to the flag on the green, he explained:

"You must drive the ball as near to that flag as you can."

The novice drove and the ball stopped within a foot of the hole. The expert was amazed, but the other merely inquired: "What do I do next?"

"You knock it into the hole," replied the expert.

"Into the hole!" exclaimed the novice. "Why didn't you tell me that at first?"



cepted and put into operation, the invitation and the encouragement for it must come from the side of the employer. From the employer must come the initiative for truce and the fostering of a new spirit of reciprocal confidence. Until that is accomplished—a revival of co-operative confidence one with the other—the hopes for harmony are slight indeed.

The new day will dawn the quicker, however, if serious-minded men on both sides of the industrial fence reflect a little harder on the alternatives. As long as the present system is continued, the battle will grow greater. You cannot educate a nation to the ideal of political freedom and the sacredness of human rights and expect it to stop short of the evident conclusion that there should likewise be economic democracy. You cannot compel people to make use of the only weapon at their disposal, that is the strike, to gain some measure of justice and then expect them to abandon it and meekly ask for justice from those in whom they no longer put their trust. If social gains and social legal rights are to be acquired only through warfare, then they will rally round the leaders who can best lead them in battle.

IF the principle of conflict is kept with the hope that government will use the weight of sovereign authority to limit excesses, the eventual outcome can now be discerned. Grant the government more and more control, through permanent compulsory arbitration or more drastic methods, and we are well on the way to some kind of American Fascism.

The sane and sensible middle way is that of the encyclicals. Establish industrial councils (tri-partite where needed—labor, management, and government) and allow the essential representatives of industry to work out practical codes and co-ordinated plans for the control and the execution of all the factors involved. Inaugurate a new branch of the judiciary, running all the way up to the Supreme Court, to take disputes in stride.

It won't happen overnight. Nor did our present chaotic method of bargaining begin yesterday. It will take time. Widespread social education is needed. The resolution of many prejudices is required. A new respect for the common good and the public welfare is imperative. A recognition of the dictates of natural justice and of the complementary virtue of charity must be instilled in many minds. Mutual confidence must be restored.

It is too idealistic. It is not practical. Men are too selfish to give it serious thought. Object as you like. But answer a few questions first. Is it any less prac-

"WHEN I CONSIDER THE HEAVENS"—

By Sister Mary of the Visitation

Ages before Your hands devised the stars
You loved me! When as yet no flickering light
Gleamed from the lamps of Vega or of Mars
Or Jupiter, while yet both day and night
Were darkness, and Antares was unborn.—
Before Orion with his sword of fire
Strode through the sky; ages before that morn
When light arose fulfilling Your desire
You loved me! On the sky this word appears
In radiant characters that neither doubt
Nor darkness can efface. They tell me so,
The changeless stars, through ever changing years:
You love me and will love me still, I know,
After the last, small, wavering star burns out.

tical than revolution? Would it be harder to accept than state domination? Is the Communist program that has found perhaps a million vociferous advocates any easier? More practical? Less idealistic? One great difference between the Communist and the Catholic approach to social problems and their solutions is this: the Communists do not refuse to recognize realities and they take their own doctrines seriously.

In the minds of many of the readers of this article, I have no doubt that I am already labeled a New Dealer, a fanatic, a starry-eyed dreamer—in a word—a "liberal." Perhaps I shall accept the title. Let's see. What is a "liberal"? If it means one who holds fast to Catholic doctrine but at the same time is unwilling to be beguiled by propaganda of any kind, even that which tries to cast a golden glow about so-called "free enterprise" and present-day capitalism, maybe I am. If it means a repudiation of the myth of racial superiority, a refusal to sanction even by silence the disfranchisement of millions of colored citizens by an infamous poll-tax practice, a belief that the government has not merely the right but the duty to foster proper social legislation for the less fortunate of the nation, by all means put me down for it. If it means advocating a better system of industrial relations and a clearer voice in representation in industry for the workingman, again the affirmative has it. If it means taking Catholic social doctrine on its face value, being neither ashamed nor afraid of it because of its idealism, mark me down with such liberals.

On the other hand, lest I lend comfort to some who boast of a "Catholic" liberalism, if enrollment in the ranks denies me the right to denounce Communism openly and consistently, com-

pels me to compromise in such a way as to welcome association with members of "front" organizations, persuades me to be sympathetic toward enemies of the Church and distrustful or slyly critical of the hierarchy and the clergy, please count me out.

Must I applaud in open-mouthed admiration every time that Henry Wallace speaks? If so, I don't want to be a liberal. Shall I be looked upon as a discredited devotee of the cult if I fail to accept Mr. Philip Murray's distinction on Communists in the CIO—railing against them as an outside agency while harboring them under his nose and at his elbow? If such contumacy be liberal heresy, the pious folk of liberalism have lost a member.

Or again, if I happen to live in New York City and am aware of the nature and the vicious tactics of the American Labor Party, if I must disregard its bad repute for fear of offending some pussy-footing political boss with a Catholic name, then I cannot qualify for the title of "liberal." It really isn't as easy as it seems to be a "liberal." You have to learn to see without seeing, to talk without saying anything, to sense foul odors without smelling them.

BUT if to believe and profess the teachings of Christ and His Church is to be a reactionary, if to denounce political and social compromises with Communists and the like is to be reactionary, if subscribing to the American ideal of republican democracy is to be reactionary, if just simply speaking the plain truth is reactionary—I am afraid I am it—and perhaps a dirty Fascist to boot.

The editor's mail bag will most likely reveal other types of low-grade citizen that I am. It must be fun to be an editor.

PRIESTS are just about my favorite people. I offer this little nosegay in all simplicity: no axe to grind, no wood to chop, no bin to fill. (My child hasn't just broken a church window nor my husband been kicked out of the Holy Name Society. We are, for the nonce, in relatively good standing.) I just like priests as people—it's as simple as that—and it doesn't hurt anything, does it, to toss a very human tribute in their direction?

They get plenty of the other: formal testimonial banquets, gala jubilee celebrations, a general bowing and scraping just because they're priests. I won't go into that side of it (although I'm just as impressed with Holy Orders, per se, as the next person) because respect-for-the-cloth is well taken care of. And I, too, hail all the heroic chaplains, blood-spilling missionaries, and—in particular—the priests who plug away at unpopular causes. Only, I'm not hailing them here.

All I'm offering here is my little nosegay (home-grown, hand-plucked) to priests in general, along with an explanation as to just why, for Pete's sake, I enjoy them so much. To tell you the truth, it has rather puzzled me. I haven't been exactly brooding about it, understand, but I had to figure the reasons out for my own satisfaction. Heaven only knows that priests can, in their struggle to keep you on the straight and narrow, cause you plenty of trouble, and you might just as well try to budge Boulder Dam as get a priest to back down on even one teeny little doctrinal point. I've tried. Too, these priests can badger the daylights out of you trying to work off a parish debt: push you around, hound you into doing all sorts of things you don't want to do. They have a way of sticking out that shepherd's crook and grabbing you around

The Good Shepherds

By LUCILE HASLEY

the neck before you know what's happening.

To like them in spite of all this really calls for a sixty-four dollar explanation.

To begin with, let me say that I live in a town that not only sports a Catholic spire every few blocks but also flaunts near by the golden dome of Notre Dame. The place fairly swarms with priests, and so this isn't a case of having met up with, and been dazzled by, a lone Bing Crosby number, some wandering clerical minstrel. I've met lots of priests (including many that M-G-M wouldn't give a screen test to even for a B picture) and I think—say I, judiciously stroking my chin—that I've met a fair cross section. It isn't likely that I, like a magnet, have drawn only the fairest, the finest, the bonniest of the lot, for things like that just don't happen to me. I'm more the type that works like a magnet in reverse.

Peering through my microscope, then, at this cross section, I am happy to report that the findings are not only highly favorable, but amazing. There are more different kinds of priests than you can shake a stick at. I don't mean different orders; I mean different species within an order. It is only recently that I, a convert, have discovered this, and the discovery pleases me enormously.

I'd always thought of the Roman collar as a sort of indelible trademark that guaranteed a uniform product:

little tin soldiers, straight off the assembly line, with the same regulation thoughts, regulation attitudes, regulation stomach ulcers. Not so. They've all got the same Captain, they're all fighting under the same banner, but the Light Brigade charges forward with a different horse for every rider.

Some priests are all wrapped up in the liturgy. (They're the type you greet over the phone with "A happy St. Polycarp's feast day to you, Father.") Others are all engrossed in the lay apostolate. ("This is Apostle #35679 reporting, Father.") Others are working like mad to spread this or that devotional practice. ("But I made the First Fridays, Father. I got a Happy Death all sewed up. What's next?") Others are struggling against odds for racial justice. ("Only Blessed Martin would get me out on a night like this, Father. I wouldn't do it for a white man.") Still others concentrate on making converts. ("I got a prospect for you, Father. If you can comfort her as to why unbaptized babies can't go to heaven, she's ours.")

Some priests live in ivory towers: some in the marketplace; some in the classroom; some in editorial offices; some on the golf courses. Some are heaven-bent on winning new souls; others in preserving and polishing the souls already won.

It's wonderful. Just pick your horse, pick your gait (plod, trot, or gallop), and stay on the highway.

All of which leads up to why I, personally, like priests as people. Because of their diversity and because of their very business, they never bore me. In talking with them, I never find myself swallowing a yawn or gazing furtively at my wristwatch or mentally planning the menu for supper. I wish I could say the same for all my acquaintances.

This priestly business deals with human nature—not haberdashery, nor wholesale groceries, nor weather striping—and so it has a universal appeal. I don't have to listen to the one-sided interests of the small business man, the fearful moanings about inflation, nor any of that "so I up and sez to the boss" stuff. I have to listen to other things—yes—but a good rousing tirade against adultery, for instance, is more interesting than a gnashing-of-teeth at the government. The saints are more interesting than strike leaders; the benefits of



After a rousing family session, your priest will go back to his rectory with a new joy

If you just like priests as people,
it doesn't hurt anything, does it, to toss a
very human tribute in their direction?

the sacraments more absorbing than the benefits of weather stripping.

But although this heaven business is mighty interesting, my nosegay is for the *priests*, not their business. That needs no floral offering. I'm presenting my posies to the priests because they don't suffer from cherophobia. (I'm pretty proud of that word. It means "fear of having fun.") Four out of five (by actual smoke test) have a certain joyousness that you find in no other walk of life. I don't see why this lightheartedness (shades of St. Philip Neri) should go along with poverty, chastity, and obedience, but it seems to.

Maybe we, the laymen, are somewhat responsible? Maybe the laughs we hand them offset the headaches? Anyway, this business of theirs—dealing with us poor devils and our half-baked ideas—appears to give priests a shining little virtue that isn't listed among the cardinal virtues but should be. A very live and wiggling sense of humor. The sacraments, in themselves, are pretty overwhelming, but sacraments pertain to people and the minute we enter the picture, in creeps the ridiculous—all mixed up with the supernatural. For example, the Sacrament of Penance.

"How in the world," say I to the hospital chaplain, "do you manage confessions in a ward? It's bad enough looking you right in the eyes in a private room let alone having an audience."

"Oh, that?" says he. "Nothing to it." And he pulls a big hunk of cotton wadding out of his coat pocket. "I just go around and plug up their ears. The Protestants all grin and tell me not to bother, that they really don't mind listening, but I plug 'em up anyway. I use the cotton system, not the honor system."

See what I mean? A wonderful sacrament, but you can't help chortling (or at least I can't) at the picture of the bedridden: their eyes bulging with curiosity, their frustrated ears bulging with cotton.

Fencing with the odd quirks of human nature day after day, and having the smelly little sins of humanity dumped on him week after week, a priest (I maintain) has to develop a sense of humor or else go crazy. Few go crazy.

Yet not many parishioners suspect this (I mean, not that their priests aren't crazy but that they have this subter-

ranean humor), for the average parishioner has only a nodding acquaintance with his parish shepherd. It's reduced to a "Good morning, Father" (brief tug at the hat brim) and the "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned" in the dark anonymity of the confessional. It's really too bad, but you can't exactly blame the layman. It's his loss but not his fault.

There's your priest: moving majestically from the Epistle side to the Gospel side and then facing, solemnly, his flock.



"Good morning, pagan," he says courteously

There's a letter from the Bishop to be read; a listing of all the meetings to be held that week; and a rather distressing financial report. (Into each life some rain must fall. The new window shades for the school cost—woe! woe!—a little more than the income netted from the Turkey Raffle.) The whole discourse is lavishly sprinkled with the regulation phrases: "Hearty co-operation . . . indeed most edifying . . . wish to thank the excellent chairlady . . . we most earnestly urge . . ."

Is this the whole man? I most earnestly urge you to invite him over to dinner some evening and find out for yourself. Not only will it be indeed most edifying for you (he's intelligent, he's funny, he's down to earth) but it's good for the priest. It's good for him to see how the other half, the seamier side, lives. It will also give him a deeper insight as to just why mother finds it a wee bit difficult to conduct a family rosary after supper.

Illustrated by MAY BURKE

So by all means have the kids milling around; don't farm them out to the neighbors in order to present a smooth home front. Then, after a good rousing family session, your priest will go back to the quiet of his rectory with a new joy and contentment in his vocation. Everybody happy.

Some of the Notre Dame priests have a razor-edged wit and a sparkling repertoire of stories that practically comes under the heading of professional entertainment. (And it's good; it's easily worth serving up that six-dollar ham, your last sliver of butter, and that can of pineapple you've been hoarding since Iwo Jima.) On a more amateur basis, however, let me introduce Father X, a young, assistant parish priest.

Casual and ambling in his gait, he is referred to as the Reverend Stepin Fetchit. Slow, yes, but that he does step and that he does fetch are testified to by his army of converts, for this is his specialty: drawing both heathens and Catholic fallen-aways over the line. His method is fairly primitive. He just slouches there in a chair and lets you do all the talking, giving you enough rope to hang yourself. Then he unslouches and unties the noose.

But it's in the confessional that he really shines like a phosphorescent cross in the dark. He appears to have (I must wring this out of him someday) some sort of a mystical X-ray machine on his side of the sliding door. The plates are quickly developed there in the dark room—clearly showing up the mote in your eye, the thorn in your flesh—and these impediments he removes with a neat surgical dispatch that would put the Mayo brothers to shame. And for free! You go to a doctor and start out. "Doc, I got a funny little pain," and you pay plenty for wondering about that funny little pain. But a priest! You can have your soul turned inside out and thoroughly aired and diagnosed for absolutely nothing. It appeals to the Scotch in me.

Father's main cross (next to the parishioner who calls at 11 P.M. Saturday to ask the Mass schedule) is the penitent with only one cylinder working. This is the penitent who made his last confession seven years ago and has been merrily battering the commandments to bits ever since. Down the list he goes—with everything short of murder on the docket—and with Father X winding up wearily: "And ate meat on Friday, I suppose."

The penitent is horrified. "Oh, no, Father! I wouldn't do *that*, Father!" The grossness, the crassness, the *presumption* of Father for even suggesting such a thing. The penitent is crucified.

It's like the Catholicity of the gangster with a '45 in one hip pocket and a seed-pearl rosary in the other. "A queer

kind of faith," ponders Father X, "but they've got *something*, haven't they? It's better than nothing, isn't it?" (N. B. With this kind of penitent Father X is the good shepherd, holding up the barbed wire for the black sheep to crawl under. But with the white sheep browsing in green pastures, he's a regular chain-gang overseer. You don't even dare *peek* over the fence into that greener, lusher pasture.)

Father X is a four-star priest but—no cherophobia!

We drive him home from a Catholic Action meeting. "The Jehovah Witnesses," he remarks, "predict the day when the South Bend streets will be littered with the bodies of Catholic priests." And then, in fine indignation as he peers through the windshield: "And just look at the messy condition of these streets, would you!"

The Sunday parish bulletin comes out, on Pentecost, dated Septuagesima Sunday. The rectory phone starts ringing, the complaints come rolling in, the parish is—liturgically—all in a dither. Father X is highly pleased. "I just wanted to test them out, see if any of them really read the bulletin," he explains airily.

For a slow-moving man with a generally cautious approach to life, Father sometimes has strange feylike impulses that amaze me. A lady parishioner, rushing madly around the corner of the church, collides with him. "A very special spring blessing on you, my de—" he pontificates and deeply carves the sign of the cross in the spring air. Her confiture tickles him. She doesn't know if he's kidding or if this is a bona fide blessing that requires a sinking to the knees right there on the flagstone walk.

Father is standing in the church vestibule, head bent devoutly over his breviary. A young Academy girl rushes in, ten minutes late for Mass. "Good morn-

ing, pagan," he says courteously, without raising his head or flicking an eyelid.

Father X tiptoes into the church of a Saturday afternoon and quietly taps

► Some people seem to get the idea they're worth a lot of money just because they have it.

—SETH PARKER

the shoulder of the last lady standing in the confessional line. "What's the line for," he whispers, "nylons or butter?" (The Catholic corn grows tall and verdant, and as for me, my sensibilities are just sufficiently blunted to love it.)

In a special bracketing come the editor-priests. I shall probably never meet Father Ambrose or Father Hyacinth or Father Whos-sis, but the mail correspondence friendships are indeed a pleasure. They start out stiffly, with the editor signing off with a "Yours in Christ." A few more encounters and he's winding up with a "Now, look, get a wiggle on with that story, will you?" and you're winding up with a "The baby's got the chicken pox. Say a prayer for him, will you?"

These priests are far more encouraging, friendly, and considerate than the secular editors, and I've met but one priest who has caused me any pain. Once I wrote an innocuous little story about a ten-year-old girl (Little Iodine, let us call her) at Camp Jolly-Time. The story came out with all contractions ironed flat: "I do not know," cried Little Iodine instead of a good American "I don't know!" That dialogue had all the sprightliness of the three-toed sloth. Also, Little Iodine emerged more decently garbed than I had deemed necessary. Instead of slipping into her tennis shorts, Iodine slipped into a tennis dress. That editor made me feel as if I

had tried to palm off a *Forever Amber*.

The real sore spot for me, however, is that an accepted manuscript calls for "biographical data" of the author. I gaze with chartreuse envy at that lucky author who can start out: "Born on a river barge on the Ganges, I grew up alone, untamed, unlettered." Or, "I wrote the outline for this story on the back of a soap wrapper in a concentration camp. After three years as prisoner, I finally escaped to Lapland . . ."

Who, I wonder, is going to be entranced with my biography? I start out in forthright, deadly fashion: "I have spent my entire life in South Bend. At the age of six I broke my leg. In High School I made the second string volleyball team and . . ." No, no, I can't go on. It's so dull that I'm tempted to toss in a couple of divorces and illegitimate children and just show the Fathers Ambrose, Hyacinth, and Whos-sis what an interesting contributor they've snared.

I lack the stamina to do this, but one day . . . well, one day, I did jazz up that biography just a wee bit. Was it entrancing? All I know is that back came a check for \$2.50, paying me for my letter at two cents a word. At first I was pretty impressed. Did Hemingway, Dos Passos, Evelyn Waugh, et al., get paid for their business letters? No. But Mrs. Hasley of South Bend . . . hmm, not bad, not bad at all.

Then I began to think it over. Was that priest intimating, by any chance, that my biographical data was just a nice bit of fiction? Well, I netted \$2.50 from that priest's sense of humor, but it left me rather subdued. My biographical data, these days, is written straight. Breaking my leg at the age of six is still its highlight. (Moral: It isn't easy to fool priests. Enjoy their lack of cherophobia, if you will, but don't let it fool you. Our good shepherds know their business; they know their sheep.)

In conclusion, may I point out a grave omission on the part of us sheep? We have a national Be Kind to Dumb Animals Week, Better Babies Week, Better Books Week, et cetera, but positively no time set apart for our priests. I'm not exactly suggesting a Better Priests Week (the wording is not too happy), but we do need something. How can our priests possibly guess (from staring into our impassive faces, Sunday after Sunday) just what we really think of them? The least we can do is occasionally hand them little nose-gays—judiciously spaced, of course, so as not to wreak havoc with their humility—and let them know they're not wasting their fragrance on the desert air. Let them know that behind our blank Sunday faces, our inarticulate bleating of "Yes, Father" and "No, Father," there's real personal pleasure in knowing them.



"What's the line for," he whispers, "nylons or butter?"

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL ON MATTERS OF GREAT OR LITTLE MOMENT

They Follow the Track Fans

► IF YOU PLAY THE HORSES, you've no doubt seen a stooper. But you may not have known that he is a professional. An excerpt from Murray Robinson's "They Stoop to Conquer" in "Sportfolio":

A stooper is the added starter at the race track who picks up cashable tickets which horse-players throw away in error, tear up in anger, or just lose. The stooper cashes the tickets.

The professional stooper may be distinguished from the horse-player by his downcast eyes, an air of deep concentration, posture like a question-mark, and extraordinarily agile feet.

His prehensile toes leap through his shoes to flip over face-down tickets for examination without his having to stoop to turn over every ticket on the ground. When he stoops you know he's made a score.

Wherever stoopers gather to get the crick out of their necks and rest their toes, the talk swings around to three memorable days in their profession.

At Jamaica one day back in 1940 the horses finishing first and second were disqualified in the last race. The stoopers had a field day picking up discarded tickets on the third, fourth, and fifth horses. One stooper is reputed to have cleaned up \$10,000.

An absent-minded gent tore in half a \$50 ticket on a winning 20-1 shot at Belmont Park one day a few years ago. Before the pieces hit the ground a stooper had them. He made over \$1000.

At Empire City one day in 1940 a No. 13 horse won. Some uninformed holders of tickets on No. 12—the highest number sold in the mutuels—threw them away. They didn't know that No. 12 includes all higher numbers. The stoopers snapped them up. The horse paid over \$200.

Pat O'Brien—At Home

► IN A TOWN where home life is smothered by sophistication, the O'Briens have a wise formula for happiness. Virginia Lane tells about it in "The Marianist":

Pat has a legion of friends—including the thousands of soldiers he met during the war in all parts of the world. But the most important thing is, he knows how to be the friend of his own youngsters. Their pal. It's been that way ever since the O'Briens adopted their first baby, Mavourneen, who is now twelve. Sean is nine. A highly imaginative, quicksilver nine. And Terence Kevin (whom Pat calls "Technical Knock-out O'Brien") is five. Last June Kathleen Brigid arrived, the first born to the O'Briens who had given up hope of having children of their own. "She is our fourth child," says Pat unequivocally.

"She may be the poorest picking of all," said his pretty dark-haired wife, Eloise, shortly before the baby was born. "With the others, we knew what we were getting. They were chosen."

That fact has been impressed upon them and it has made them very proud and happy. There is no shadow of dis-

tinction among the children. For years Mavourneen has been praying for a baby sister, and asking all her little friends at Marymount Convent school to pray too. When she heard the news she rushed up to her room, all jubilant and flushed with excitement, and poured out her gratitude to Our Lady in front of the Virgin's statue which stands near her bed. Then she wanted to do something for her mother. Something special. So she went to the kitchen and baked Mrs. O'Brien's favorite, a chocolate cream pie!

"Home has to be interesting if you want to keep the kids in it," says Pat. And suits actions to words. He has many business interests besides his contract work at the studios, but he manages to find time every day for the youngsters. They sing together—all the rollicking old Irish songs—with Terry blissfully off-key. They have long talks on every subject, from atomic bombs to what makes frogs leap. Mavourneen and her dad are checker fiends. Once a month they add up the score. If she wins, she gets a new album of recordings. (She's collecting them at the moment.) If Pat wins, she bakes him a batch of cookies.

Sean's hobby is anything electric. Flashlights, trains. And he blows out fuses all over the house by the dozen. One evening recently the lights went off downstairs all of a sudden. Mrs. O'Brien investigated. Sean and his father had been trying out a new train tunnel. "And I don't know which one of them looked the most guilty!" laughed Eloise.

Hotel Etiquette

► WRITING IN "HOLIDAY," Harvey Smith gives us some useful information picked up in his talks with waitresses and bellhops:

A "stiff" is a guest who doesn't tip. Poor tippers are "scroungers." Transients who have to present a ticket to get into the dining room are "meal tickets." Men or women traveling alone are "singles," and a headache to the head-waitress because she has to assign them to individual tables, at least for the first day or two, and this is often difficult to arrange. Newlyweds are "B & G"—bride and groom.

The person who carries his own luggage will be "superman" to the staff. And, because he is unwilling to part with a quarter or so for the bellboy, will not get much other service during his stay. The staff knows that such a person is not likely to offer tips, no matter what is done for him.

The staff members who expect to be tipped are your waitress, bus boy, head-waitress, "room service," chambermaid, bellboys, bus driver, and—if he serves you—the bar waiter.

Your waitress is the staff member who will give you the most service and the one to whom you will give the biggest tip. She serves from eight to sixteen guests at each meal and works about ten hours a day. Most of us on vacation eat later than at home and generally descend on the dining room just under the wire—particularly at dinner. Often a waitress hasn't a single guest to wait on until 7:30 P.M., and then she may have to wait on as many as sixteen at once. And after you have left the dining room, she must clean up, wash the silver, change the linen, and re-set the table for breakfast.

How big a tip will she expect for serving you three meals a day? The smallness of the tip may surprise you, as it did me. Two dollars a person per week! Thus an eight-dollar tip from a couple at the end of two weeks would satisfy her, ten dollars would please her immensely, and fifteen dollars would practically bowl her over. Yet even twenty dollars for eighty-four meals is only a fraction over twelve cents a person per meal.

Here are the guests who gripe your waitress most: Chronic complainers. Guests who ask, "Do you have my salad? Did you bring my coffee?" and so forth, before she has a chance to unload her tray. Guests who change their minds several times about their orders. Guests who look down on her. Those who insist on something not on the menu. (This burns the chef up too.) Those who call her "Miss" or "Waitress," instead of by name. Those who invariably come in at the last minute. Those who don't tell her in advance when they will be absent from a meal.

Health Habits of Animals

► ANIMALS KNOW HOW TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEIR HEALTH, according to the following paragraphs taken from an article by Archibald Rutledge in "Atlanta Journal Magazine":

I once took home four baby raccoons which I found in a hollow tree that had toppled over during a storm.

For nine days they refused to eat, although I offered them every variety of food that a raccoon could possibly fancy. They would sit there and look at me wistfully as if to say: "You have forgotten the main thing." They grew thin and weak.

Suddenly I remembered that raccoons will never eat anything unless they can wash it thoroughly in clean water. As soon as a pan was supplied, each baby selected a morsel of food, ambled over and washed it carefully, then ate it. . . .

Strangely enough, I have seen wild creatures intoxicated on several occasions: ducks from eating wine-mash, and waxwings and robins from eating wild orange and umbrella tree berries. But the birds were all young—older birds either avoid these berries or eat them very sparingly.

"Scientific diets" are old stuff to animals. In the South, buck deer will travel miles to drink from water pools in old phosphate mines. They need the lime in the water for horn-growth. And the bucks in this region have the finest antlers I have ever seen.

Hen birds need lime to form eggshells; it is a common thing to see upland and forest birds, during the mating season, travel to the seashore to peck at shells. . . .

When sick or wounded, wild creatures resort to the remedies of nature: herbs, pure air, quiet, complete rest and relaxation. They "go to bed" and stay there, calmly and stoically, as long as is necessary.

Learned Incompetents

► A DEGREE may build up a woman's morale when house-work seems to be drudgery. And class reunions are fun. But Marion Walker Alcaro in "Woman's Day" has a grudge against women's colleges:

They turn out brilliantly trained teachers, artists, and professional women. But the girl who is destined to be primarily a woman is short-changed. The girl who during her college years is obviously marking time before marriage is given the same fare as the girl who is going "to make something of herself." The former is dished out great hunks of obsolete literature, gobs of history that she won't remember, scoops of science that she won't remember either, nibs and dabs of philosophy and psychology, and a smattering of languages thrown in for seasoning.

Since about 80 per cent of the alumnae of women's colleges

marry and raise families, it seems to me that their alma maters have as great a responsibility toward the girl whose destiny is marriage as they have toward her career-minded classmates.

Take my own case. Shortly after graduation I married a young doctor. Let's take a look at the qualifications of the wife to whom this lucky guy turned over the responsibility for his physical well-being, his house, his bank account, his children, and to a large extent his career itself.

I was as informed as all get-out when it came to the significance of revolution and romanticism. I could chatter about the minor English poets of the sixteenth century. I had studied Anglo-Saxon grammar. I knew all about the love life of the earthworm. But I couldn't cook a decent meal. I couldn't manage a house. Pregnancy amazed me. Babies scared me. And my knowledge of finance was limited to what shall-I-do-until-my-allowance-comes.

Colleges rationalize the adherence to their moth-eaten curricula by insisting that a liberal arts education according to the stereotyped formula introduces a girl to intellectual vistas that will enrich the rest of her life. That sounds dandy. Unfortunately the argument doesn't hold water. The average bachelor of arts who marries is so totally unprepared to meet the demands of her new life that she is lucky if she finds time to read Dick Tracy.

Whalers Go To Sea Again

► A WORLD FOOD SHORTAGE in the wake of world war has brought a temporary revival to an industry all but dead—whaling. From an article by Albert L. Stone in "The Mast":

Spurred on by a Europe starving for fats, Britain and Norway are hustling to get whaling fleets operating again. With two captured Nazi ships, and one almost completed in the yards, Britain expects to have three factory ships operating in the Antarctic this season. Norway, with two prewar factory ships intact, and one almost completed in the English yards, also expects to be in on the whaling season.

In addition to oil, Anglo-Norwegian whalers are fully confident of bringing back whale meat for the butcher shops. A new method of quick freezing will tend to make whale meat as tender and tasty as beef. . . .

The first record of successful whale fishery comes in 890 A.D. when Octhere, a Norwegian, skirted the coast of Norway for whales. The Basques carried on whaling from the tenth to the fifteenth century; then the Dutch took the lead until the end of the eighteenth century, when the British, realizing the potentialities of whaling, superseded them. . . .

Although Cape Codders were the first to attempt whaling, Long Islanders deserve the full credit for first making it an organized business. However, to the Nantucketer will always go the glory of having founded a great national industry. . . .

It was due to the venturesome spirit of the whaling captains, who pushed their voyages always further seaward in search of unknown waters, that many new lands were discovered and opened up.

Over four hundred islands in the Pacific were found and named by whalers; they charted seas and shores from the frozen Arctic to the desolate Antarctic. They knew of the existence of a Northwest Passage, for they found harpoons thrown by an Atlantic whaler in a whale caught in the Pacific Ocean. . . .

The discovery of petroleum in 1859 marked the beginning of the end of the whaling fishery. . . . But the Civil War dealt the knockout punch to the whalers. Thirty-nine of them were confiscated by the government and loaded with New England granite and scuttled in an effort to bottle up Charleston harbor. Seventy more were burned by the Southern privateers. At the conclusion of the war, the whale fishery was in no position to compete against petroleum.

Ministry of Wu Su

By LEONARD AMRHEIN, C.P.

I REMEMBER my first assignment as a newly ordained priest after receiving faculties for hearing confessions. I was excited and nervous. I made last-minute reviews of matter I had scanned daily for weeks. Then, once again, I recited the form of absolution, enunciating every word. I imagined all sorts of cases and made decisions.

Came Saturday afternoon. I packed my valise. A mission would not have necessitated the equipment I carried. Via bus, ferry, subway, and train, I traveled to Long Island. A "red cap" offered to carry my bag. I held on to it as if my life depended upon it.

It was cold in the confessional. My memory recalls that one of the priests mentioned this fact. However, I was perspiring. I never before prayed so fervently to the Holy Spirit to enlighten me in decisions. But after the first penitent left the confessional, the tension was broken, and everything went smoothly. That was six years ago.

Upon arrival at our Mission in Yuanling, China, we were given a few weeks to become acclimated. Then we were told to prepare for a faculty examination for Chinese confessions. For two weeks we bonded on an intensive course in Chinese confessional matter. Successful in the examination, we received our faculties.

Our first assignments were for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. We were to stay over Sunday, which meant two sermons, our first in Chinese, and our first Chinese confessions. We had much to make us nervous.

My assignment sent me to a little place called Wu Su, which means, "The Place Where the Crows Stay Over Night." I was told there was a church and an altar at Wu Su. Everything else had to be taken along. I wrote out a list, about a foot long, of things I might need. One would think I was going on a Pauline missionary journey. There was a Masskit, sick-call set, necessities for the administration of the Sacraments, blankets, books—Chinese and English—and what not. I packed everything into a suitcase and a large canvas bag.

Angelo, one of the Mission boys, was to accompany me. He took one look at the luggage and said we needed two boys. I told him I would carry the suit-



Scene on the river below Wu Su

case if he would carry the bag. He said I would "eat bitterness" on the way. Thinking he was trying to save his own face, I told him I would not "eat bitterness," we would rest along the road. He was not convinced. Finally, we agreed to carry the bundles until we were tired, then hire someone to take over. We were not on the road five minutes before Angelo was trying to talk someone into giving us a lift. However, there were no eager "red-caps" anxious to relieve us of our bags.

Wu Su is about ten miles from Yüanling, as the crow flies. But we were not crows. The railroad is two hundred miles distant. In fact, the only road to the Crows' Nest is a narrow path along a mountainside. The Chinese have used this road for centuries. So, why should we expect something better?

We started resolutely along the trail.

About a third of the way to Wu Su we passed a man going in our direction. Angelo spoke to him. "How would he like to earn a few extra dollars carrying our luggage?" Yes, he would carry it for \$1,000. Angelo laughed. He offered \$250.00 since the man was going to Wu Su anyway. This time the man laughed. "How about \$800?" "\$350.00," said Angelo. The man walked ahead a hundred yards. Then, dropping back, he concluded the deal for \$500.00—about fifty cents United States currency. Tying a bundle on each end of a pole slung across his shoulders, he started along the mountain path.

The three of us trudged on. We climbed. At times we descended. Sometimes, in order to pass, we had to chase water buffaloes off the path. Again, we jumped from rock to rock, where the trail was washed out by rains. Almost always we walked single file.

We were traveling along the North River. Someone had told me Wu Su was at the first big turn of the river, where another smaller river formed a junction. At every bend I looked for the second river. But it was always the same—just two ridges of high mountains. We rounded bend after bend only to see others in the distance. If only Wu Su had a railroad. I thought of my first home assignment, aboard the Long Island R. R., rushing to my destination. What a difference! I was beginning to "eat bitterness."

Then, suddenly, we came to a straight stretch. About a mile distant we saw the river turning at right angles behind a high mountain. On the left, flowing from behind a still higher mountain, was the second river. The two rivers formed a perfect T. On a high bank behind the arms of the T we could distinguish the outlines of houses. Wu Su at last!

But it was not yet journey's end. We had that last mile to go. They say the first hundred years of life are the hardest. But it is the last mile of such a journey that really gets you. Before we did not know how many more miles we had to travel. We might come upon the village suddenly. It would be the end. Now, seeing this long stretch ahead, we thought of the weariness involved as we plodded step by step. However, even

the longest journey comes to an end. We finally reached the river bank, the end of the trail, and of our endurance. Angelo thoughtfully reminded me we would have "eaten bitterness" had we carried the luggage. I agreed because I did not wish to even think of it, much less argue. I don't know how I looked but he did not look very lively.

Awaiting the ferry we sat on the river bank and admired the landscape. It was not yet four o'clock but the sun had already set behind a giant mountain, casting a weird shadow of gloom over the valley. The air grew chilly. Gazing at the highest peak, on the very edge of a precipice a temple was discernable. I learned later that two Buddhist nuns lived there. Why they chose that place for a nunnery is beyond me. Perhaps they wished to retire from the world but had no desire to miss anything that went on in it.

Across the river was Wu Su, the Crows' Lodging. I know not the reason for the name. I saw no crows. But the straw-roofed houses looked more like crows' nests than houses.

The ferry, just a big scow, bumped ashore. Four of the passengers were cows, standing side by side, crosswise in the boat. Reaching the shore, their keeper prodded them and they jumped on dry land. They acted as though they had been in ferries before.

On the return trip was a group of women. They had big bundles of twigs on their backs, piled about three feet above their heads. They had spent the day on the mountain slopes gathering these sticks. In Wu Su they would sell them for a few dollars. The people use these branches for fences, fire-wood, and countless other purposes.

We were waiting for the ferry to push off. Suddenly, a little lad on the shore

threw a stone. Possibly he was aiming at my black hat. At any rate, the stone fell into the water beside me and I received the full benefit of the splash. I was just about to thank the little fellow for the shower when a Chinese in the boat began haranguing my assailant about being more respectful to the "foreign gentleman."

On the way across, we met another ferry. It, too, had cow passengers. A water buffalo was swimming alongside. His head was held out of the water by a boy in the ferry by means of a rope. Evidently the creature was too big for the boat. Or, perhaps, the boy did not have the price of the animal's ticket.

We reached the shore without mishap. Now to find the Mission. Climbing the bank, we passed it without even noticing it. It was just one of those "nests" we had seen from across the river. We had not gone far before the villagers informed us of its location. They were awaiting us. The news of our arrival preceded us. The path, or I should say, the main street, was lined with curious inhabitants. After all, they see a foreigner only a few times a year. It was really an event for the village.

The mission compound was very neat and pretty. There were a couple of palm trees and a well-kept vegetable garden. It was too dark to see much of the house but it certainly was no mansion. My room contained a bed and a table. It was as cold as Alaska. I was sure I did not have enough blankets, that I could use another overcoat and a sweater, a few more pairs of woolen socks, and a pair of woolen gloves. But I was tired enough to sleep on an iceberg—so I thought.

The local catechist, Mr. Gno, imparted the cheerful news that supper was ready. It was lucky for me that it

Rural road in Hunan, pleasant to look at, hard on the traveler



was quite dark. My host could not see how I handled the chopsticks. I tried to manipulate them like the Chinese but they just would not work for me. There was many a slip between the rice bowl and the lips. One would think that in 4,000 years some Chinese would have invented a pair of chopsticks with a spring to keep them in line so they would pinch the rice and deliver it where it was intended to go. If I weren't so hungry, I would have given it up as a bad job. However, I managed to eat two bowls of rice to the others' four.

SUPPER over, we sat around an open charcoal fire warming our toes, and asking and answering questions. After a while, I excused myself and went to my room. It was only six o'clock but I was very tired. I put on all my extra clothing and retired.

At eleven o'clock I was awakened. A rooster was relaying the "all is well" far into the valley. I shivered and thought of St. Peter warming himself at the fire in Caiphas' courtyard. I wished I had a fire to warm myself. Every hour, on the hour, the rooster crowed. About every hour on the half hour, I had to chase a big rat that insisted on sharing the room with me. He seemed to be interested in a large plant stored in the room. I did not mind sharing the room but I did mind the disturbance.

Six o'clock finally came. There was shouting on the river. I arose and pushed back the paper window. A dense fog filled the valley. The boatmen were merely sounding the warning. It was so heavy the moisture was dripping from the trees like rain. Why there was no frost I do not understand. It certainly felt cold enough.

The next two and a half hours I spent reading my sermon, reviewing the catalog of sins, and shivering. I cannot blame the last entirely on the cold. I was anxious about those first confessions. Strange, indeed, the first time I had heard confessions at home, I perspired; now I shivered. It was winter both times. But, after all, so many things in China are contrary to our western customs. I suppose I was just catching the spirit of the country.

Finally, the entire congregation arrived—all eight of them. I started to hear confessions. As usual the imagination was worse than the reality. I was trying to remember everything at once and soon learned that I had only to think of one thing at a time. The Christians were well instructed. They were very orderly, mentioning first the Commandment, then the sin committed against it. It wasn't at all difficult.

My next worry was the sermon. I know not if the people understood me. I knew better than to ask. The Chinese

are too polite to tell the truth in such a matter. I just did my best.

After Mass I traveled three miles to bring Holy Viaticum to a dying lady. The house was a poor, Chinese hovel with dirt floors. As they had two rooms, I suppose they were considered well to do. It was very dark within and I bumped my head on a basket hanging from the ceiling. I placed the Blessed Sacrament on a box, then heard her confession. It was an impressive sight to see this little, old lady just waiting for death. Our Lord was visiting her, perhaps for the last time in this world.

After breakfast, which was also dinner, I looked around my "kingdom for a day." One look at the house in which I had slept made my heart stand still. The old shack looked as if a gentle breeze would level it with the ground. Long beams propped it up. One wall leaned at a crazy angle. Behind the chapel altar a paper picture about six feet long was hanging. The bottom of the picture was eighteen inches from the wall. The catechist assured me the

Most likely he had a few relatives already booked to travel on the Shen Fu's boat—passage free, of course.

"Well," I told him, "if that is the only reason for not using the big boat, we won't mind the inconvenience."

I asked the catechist how much we owed him for eating his rice. Nothing at all, he insisted, we were his guests. I told him not to be polite but tell me. But he would not hear of such a thing. Something was wrong somewhere. I had been told to pay him for our meals.

At the river bank, the catechist ushered us onto a small boat. He said the price was two hundred dollars a person. The price was all I was interested in, so I didn't bother about how he managed to get the little boat. The smaller boat was faster, of course. There were three or four other passengers aboard.

Evidently this boatman decided to play ferryman for the day. He waited awhile for more passengers. But the big ferry had left a short time before and had taken all the passengers for Yüanling. This did not discourage our

yards long. But it had a very sharp "S" turn in it. It was only about twenty yards wide. The shore at the curves was studded with big boulders. Through a hole in the cabin of the boat I could see the rapids as we approached. The boat swept along as it entered the swift water above the rapids. The roar of the water grew louder. Soon we were bobbing up and down on the dancing waves. They seemed to welcome us as they lapped the sides of the boat. We swept around the first curve with plenty of room on both sides. The second curve was the bad one. We headed straight for a boulder. I think I would have yelled but my heart was caught somewhere in my throat. When we were about to crash, the boat swerved suddenly around the curve and shot down into still water. We were so close to that rock, I think I could have touched it if I hadn't been paralyzed with fright. Good work, I thought, but you might as well hit the rock as scare a fellow to death.

After about a half an hour, my heart slowed down a bit and I started to say my Office. This made me the center of attraction. The other passengers decided to say it with me. I do not know if I turned the pages fast enough but every page had a new interest for them. I don't think they had one distraction during the whole Office.

IT was about this time that some invisible parasite made a forced landing around my ankle and started to drive north. There was only one way of counterattacking. That was with a magnifying glass and a pair of tweezers. I had the tweezers but not the glass. So I just let the little fellow carry on for awhile. I might excite too much curiosity, if I tried to track him down. After a while, he started to dig in around my knee. This was too much. I hit him so hard I almost upset the boat. The flea was completely annihilated.

When we arrived at Yüanling, the boatman asked Angelo for more money. (Angelo did the paying). Angelo reminded him that he agreed for two hundred dollars a person. The boatman said the other passengers helped to row the boat and we didn't. So to make up for our lack of co-operation, Angelo gave him another hundred dollars.

The next day, Mr. Gno came to Yüanling. He wanted two thousand dollars for our food. He said he was just being polite when he refused the money and said we were his guests. According to custom, I was supposed to give it to him as a good-will offering and, of course, it would have to be worth while. He would have to refuse it with much embarrassment. But I would have to force him to take it. Unfortunately for him, I did not understand the customs.



Wayside inn, where a weary Missionary may sip a cup of tea

building was safe. It had been in that condition for eight years. Such presumption! Then, too, at times floods in the valley had raised the waters to a height of forty feet—right to the Mission roof. No wonder the house stood at such a crazy angle. It is a wonder it stood at all.

The next morning we prepared to leave. I requested the catechist to buy two places on the ferry to Yüanling. He insisted I hire a private boat. A private boat costs about a thousand dollars, whereas a place on the ferry costs only two hundred dollars.

"What is wrong with the ferry?" I asked.

"It is too inconvenient," he answered. Too inconvenient for him, I thought.

boatman. He easily overtook the big ferry. He pulled up alongside and cried: "Ferry for Yüanling. Only two hundred dollars a person. Who wants to come aboard?"

The passengers could see for themselves that we would make the trip in less than half the time. Six or eight passengers climbed aboard. The Chinese are good sportsmen. They believe in letting the best man win. The ferryman made no protest over the loss of his passengers. He merely exchanged a few words of greetings with our boatman and kept on splashing in the direction of Yüanling.

My next concern was a rapids, which I had noticed on our way up a few days before. It was only about a hundred

That's Her Loss

by LESLIE
GORDON
BARNARD

Illustrated by HENRY S. HARTMAN

IT WAS only occasionally that Sandra ran across the woman, but this morning—there at the hosiery counter—they met. For a moment, just a moment, the eyes of Ralph's first wife looked into the eyes of Ralph's second wife. Mousey little thing, Sandra thought, looking more unattractive every time one saw her; and she allowed a half smile to move her carefully done lips, a superiority she always assumed at such meetings, of the possessor for the loser, of the conqueror for the conquered. Any woman who could not hold her man surely deserved amusement rather than pity. Was it not the final seal of feminine incompetence; something certainly to be punished by loss—as logically so as a neglected roof will admit rain, or an unpainted house begin to show decay? It annoyed Sandra that her mind should insist on arguing the case again, and she unconsciously lifted her chin as she stepped out into the sharp sunlight of the street. Stopping to glance in a window of one of the smaller, more exclusive shops, Sandra beheld herself in a mirror.

The mirror was reassuring. It said, "You are a bright, vital, clever, woman-of-the-world; don't mind what that creature thinks about you. You went after happiness—yours and, of course, Ralph's too—and won."

Then suddenly she saw the dress.

If ever a dress was a morale builder, this was it. The window dummy on which it was draped was admittedly very youthful, but Sandra—with a shrewd eye for such things—saw that she could carry this model. Carefully selected, she could go on wearing that sort of thing for, well, for some years yet. Ralph liked her to wear young things; he himself was the type who would—even when he reached his sixties, she thought—still look absurdly youthful. It was one of the qualities that had attracted her to him. She hesitated, then entered the shop.

"That dress in the window—that dove gray," she said.

"Yes, madam?"

"I should like to try it on."

It was ravishing. Ravishing.

"I'll take it," Sandra said, and added, "with me"—as if now she could not trust it out of her sight. But money? She had not quite enough, so she smiled her radiant smile at the girl, because she could never admit she was inadequate in anything, and said, "If you will set it aside for me until after lunch," and sailed out of the store quite aware that it would be kept for her, that you had only to speak in a certain way, to use your magnetism, and all the world was yours.

Ralph's office was not far away. In a tall, severe office building a gilded elevator whisked her upward, her expensive perfume lingering when, at the ninth floor she stepped out, perfectly conscious of masculine glances, of her power as a woman; composedly sure of the power. Ralph's secretary, who had heavy glasses and an embittered chin, informed her that he was out with a client, and would later go to lunch before returning. The secretary could not say where. Possibly Brott's. He usually went to Brott's. At Brott's she took a chair in the big window lounge, intent on surprising Ralph, because she had consistently refused to come here, disliking its crowds, constantly grumbling at its service.

Noon crowds were pushing through the swivel door; some seeking tables, others waiting like herself. A man and a girl who had come in together were engrossed in argument near her. It was impossible for Sandra not to overhear; and her interest was instantly piqued. The man had a rugged and, at the mo-

ment, worried face. The girl was blonde, and chic, and utterly attractive. Both were young. The man rose suddenly from his seat.

"All right," he said, "if that's how it is. I'm just a guy who doesn't want to see you nose dive that way," and in a moment he had gone, the swivel door slap-slapping behind his urgent exit. Obliquely, Sandra watched the girl. Then, with the assurance that Ralph always admired in her, she went and sat beside her.

"My dear," she said, "I couldn't help overhearing. I wouldn't presume to intrude, only, well—I have been all through what you seem to be going through. You don't mind my speaking to you, do you? I've seen enough of life to speak. If I can be of any help—"

She waited, lighting a cigarette. "Have one?"

"No, thank you," the girl said. She glanced appraisingly at Sandra. "You mean—he was a married man, too?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"I married him. After the divorce, of course."

"But—his wife?"

"What about her?"

"Didn't she—love him?"

"That wasn't the point," Sandra said quickly. "He didn't love her any longer. He loved me."

"Then you really took him from her. It seems—rather cruel."

Sandra smiled her faint half smile. She said, "Isn't it better that out of three people two, at least, should be happy? Surely that's the sensible, modern viewpoint. After all, you do love this man?"

Sandra always felt the superiority of the possessor for the loser, of the conqueror for the conquered, whenever she met Ralph's first wife

The girl's lips trembled. She nodded.
"And he?"

She nodded again. She was close to tears.

Sandra ashed her cigarette. She said, "The young man who was with you"—she was enjoying this now; feeling helpful, sensible, poised, and not unattractive even to this younger woman—"where does he fit into the picture?"

The girl flushed. She said, "Oh, he's just—a friend. He thinks I'm being a fool, that I'm heading for a smash. He thinks it's just an—an infatuation. Everybody is against me."

Sandra nodded.

"My friends thought they knew better than I did. Heavens, the telephone calls, the letters, the schemings. Some of them cut me altogether. But I—" Sandra blew a cloud of smoke, her eyes luminous, remembering, "I had love. I had him. We both knew his first marriage was a mistake, that we were everything to each other. Nothing mattered but that."

The girl said, slowly, "I know. I've fought against it, but—"

"Well, there you are. Life knows better than you."

"If only he weren't married."

Sandra shrugged. "How young you are," she said.

"I can't help thinking of—her. I know how I'd feel."

"Nonsense. You mustn't be foolish about that. Forget her. If she can't hold him, that's her loss, isn't it?"

"You—you've never regretted it?"

"My dear, why should I?"

She rose. The girl rose, too. Sandra smiled at her, "Don't let anything—anything—stand in the way. If you want happiness you have to reach for it, and hold it, like I have. Here's my husband coming in the door now. I'd like you to meet Ralph, he's rather a pet."

She smiled understandingly at the girl's wide-eyed gaze as Ralph came toward the lounge. Women were like that about him; he was incredibly attractive. Pride of possession glowed in Sandra. "I don't believe he's seen me yet," Sandra said, stooping to pick up her bag which had fallen. When she straightened she saw Ralph advancing with quick, eager strides. He held out both his hands. "I'm afraid I've kept you waiting today, darling," he said. Sandra saw that he was too bemused to notice the look in the girl's eyes, and too ardent to be aware of any woman but one. She dreaded the moment when he would turn and see that she—his wife—had also come to Brott's to lunch with him.

*Sandra smiled her faint half smile.
"Isn't it better that out of three
people two, at least, should be happy?"*





SIGN POST

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Did Christ Despair on the Cross?

I have had the objection put to me that the words of Christ, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" must indicate that the Saviour lost faith or despaired during His death agony. Will you please explain?—J. S., CHICAGO, ILL.

There has been an unfortunate tendency since the Reformation, even on the part of some Catholics, to emphasize in such an exaggerated manner the torments of Christ's Passion that the true idea of the Redemption is obscured. Preachers are at times guilty of such exaggerated and extravagant descriptions of Christ's sufferings that they justly deserve the strictures which they receive from Catholic theologians. To say the least, some of this Catholic oratory borders on the doctrine of Luther who says in his *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*: "All the prophets saw this in the Spirit, that Christ would be of all men the greatest robber, murderer, adulterer, thief, sacrilegious person, blasphemer, etc., than whom none greater ever was in the world, because He who is a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world now is not an innocent person, and without sin, is not the Son of God born of the Virgin, but a sinner who has and bears the sin of Paul who was a blasphemer, a persecutor, and violent; of Peter who denied Christ; of David who was an adulterer, a murderer, and made the Gentiles blaspheme the name of the Lord. . . . If, indeed, it is not absurd to confess and believe that Christ was crucified between robbers, neither is it absurd to say that He was accursed and a sinner of sinners."

Luther's conception of the Redemption followed logically from his doctrine on original sin. Luther held that human nature was essentially corrupted by original sin and as a consequence man is radically incapable of doing good, and all human activities are necessarily evil. The only hope for man in Luther's doctrine is that he be cloaked externally, through faith, with the merits of Christ. On this erroneous assumption, it is natural to conclude that Christ Himself was cursed and punished in the place of the guilty.

When we come to the interpretation of the text, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" we must consider the person speaking, the meaning of the words themselves, and their context.

The Person who spoke the words (recorded by St. Matthew (27:46) and St. Mark (15:34) was God the Son in human nature. An isolated text which is not understood

properly can have no valid weight against the great body of proof which establishes the Divinity of Christ. Because of the union of the divine and human natures of Christ in one divine Person, the human soul of Christ always possessed the Beatific Vision. The sufferings of the Passion made no break in the Hypostatic Union, and consequently it is absurd to think that the human soul of Our Lord could think itself abandoned in the sense that God could be angry with Him or leave Him. Nevertheless, the fact remains, though we are not able to understand it completely, that Christ could really suffer. In the garden of Gethsemane He said: "My soul is sad, even unto death." On the cross He felt the bitterness of desolation as well as the bodily pain of His many wounds. This, however, is quite a different thing from giving way to despair.

A study of the words themselves reveals that making them imply despair is not warranted. The word translated "forsaken" can be taken in the sense of being abandoned, or surrendered to one's foes without implying anger or displeasure on the part of the abandoning person. Christ endured extreme anguish both in mind and body, and in His human nature He received comfort and alleviation neither from His own divine nature nor from His Father in heaven. This deprivation occurred in consequence of God's plan for our salvation which permitted wicked men to work their evil designs upon the human nature and life of the Saviour. Since Christ hung on the cross in fulfillment of the mission to which His Father had summoned Him, He could not at that hour have been other than He was on the occasion of His baptism when "a voice from the heavens said, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' " (Matt. 3:17.)

It is always dangerous and misleading to take words out of their context. In the present case, the context shows that the words which have raised the difficulty must be taken in a sense consonant with the promise to the Penitent Thief, "this day thou shalt be with me in paradise," and the prayer, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Certainly there is nothing here to indicate loss of faith or despair.

Moreover, the words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" are the opening phrase of the Twenty-first Psalm. This Psalm is messianic in character. It not only describes the intense suffering that would overtake the Messias, but also foretells His eventual deliverance and glory, and the conversion of the Gentiles. Not all about the Cross understood the words. Some thought Our Lord called upon Elias and ridiculed Him for what they considered His false hope of supernatural help. The doctors of the law, however, must

have understood the words of Christ, and also comprehended their implications. We do not know whether or not Christ recited the whole Psalm, but enough was said in a loud voice to recall the ancient prophecies it contained. It seems legitimate, therefore, that the words of Christ must be understood in the context of the Psalm from which they were taken. That Psalm is the exact reverse of despair; it is one of deep confidence and ends on a triumphant note.

In conclusion, it should be pointed out that the Evangelists, who recorded the cry of Christ, evidently did not see in it anything inconsistent with the life and works of Him whom they accepted as the Son of God. If they did not, neither should we who have fewer means to ascertain the mind of Christ than they had.

Marriage During Lent

Will you please state if the law forbidding the solemnization of marriage during Lent has been repealed? I have read accounts of marriages which took place during Lent and some of these at least seemed to have been quite elaborate affairs.—F. J., NEW YORK.

From the above question there appears to be a misunderstanding of the term, "solemnizing marriages." As used in Church law this term is applied to marriages when the nuptial blessing is given during Mass. Strictly speaking, it has no reference to the external ceremonies or festivities that may be associated with a particular wedding.

The general law of the Church forbids the solemnization of marriages, in the sense explained above, during Lent and Advent. The same law, however, grants bishops the power to make exceptions when there is a sufficient reason for the same. When such dispensation or exception is granted, it must always be accompanied with an admonition that the external celebration associated with the wedding be kept at a minimum.

Life on Other Planets

On the basis of Catholic doctrine, particularly the fact that the Church was organized on this planet, is it possible that human life may exist on other planets of the universe?

—T. J. O'K., PITTSBURGH, PA.

There is nothing in Catholic teaching which can serve as a basis for a belief that human beings exist on other planets. There have been speculations with regard to the possible relationship, supposing their existence, of the rational beings of other planets to the redemptive work of Christ.

Many Called, Few Chosen

Please explain the following verse: "For many are called, but few are chosen" (Matt., 20:16 and 22:14). From this terrible sentence must we conclude that the vast majority of mankind is doomed to eternal punishment? —J.C.P., SAINTE AGATHE, MAN.

This verse appears twice in the Gospel according to St. Matthew as indicated above. It is quite commonly held at present that the verse originally occurred only in chapter 22 (after the parables of the marriage feast and the wedding garment), and that it was introduced into chapter 20 by mistake. This opinion is based on the fact that the verse is absent from chapter 20 in the best ancient Greek manuscripts.

Verses 1-14 of the twenty-second chapter record two distinct parables or at least two distinct parts of the same parable. In verses 1-10 there is the story of the wedding feast which the king had prepared for his son. When the invited guests refused to attend, the king sent his servants out into

the highways to bring in all who would attend the feast. Verses 11-13 record the discovery of the guest who had not put on a wedding garment and as a result was cast forth from the banquet hall. Before explaining the meaning of verse 14 about which the question turns, it is necessary to give an explanation of the significance of the parables.

The "king" in the parable represents God the Father; the "son" is Christ; and the "wedding banquet" is a symbol of the union of Christ with His Church.

Mention is made of two groups of servants who are sent to call those who have been invited. The first group represents the prophets of the Old Testament; the second group of messengers represents the Apostles. Christ Himself is not considered as a messenger in this parable for He is the royal bridegroom. Most of those who failed to heed the call acted as they did because they were preoccupied with their own worldly affairs. This was the fundamental reason which Christ recognized as being the cause of His own rejection by the majority of the Jews. On the other hand there were those who, like some of the invited guests, were guilty of violent persecution of Christ and His Apostles.

In consequence of their outrages, the rebellious subjects were excluded from the Messianic Kingdom and their city and nation destroyed. This is a clear prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem. The servants who were sent to bring in guests from the highways are the Apostles, who went out into the heathen world and brought the pagans, good and bad, into the Church of Christ.

The mentioning of the man who had not on a wedding garment (11-13) was suggested by the fact that both good and bad had come to partake of the feast. The wedding garment does not signify faith, for this man had accepted the call and entered the Church. Rather it signifies charity and good works, or the preservation of the state of grace which makes a man worthy of the friendship and rewards of God. In other words mere membership in the Church is not enough. Those who fail to live according to the truths they profess will be excluded from Christ's Kingdom hereafter, and their lot will be among the wicked in exterior darkness.

Our Lord concludes with the words (verse 14): "For many are called, but few are chosen." These words can be rightly understood only in connection with the central thought of the parable, or the central thought of the parable of the marriage feast if this is considered distinct from the parable of the wedding garment. No matter how we look upon the division of the first thirteen verses of chapter 20, the lesson directed to His hearers by Our Lord is the exclusion of the main body of the Jews from the Messianic Kingdom. The Jews who were invited to the Church of Christ were many, yet comparatively few of them answered the invitation. The "chosen" refers to the Jews who heeded the invitation to enter the Messianic Kingdom.

This verse, therefore, cannot be appealed to as an answer to the question whether most or only a few of mankind in general or even of the baptized will gain eternal life.

Henry George's Theories

Recently I have had an opportunity to read and study Henry George's book, "Progress and Poverty." I would like to know if there is anything in his teaching on economics which is contrary to the Catholic position.—J. S., MAPLEWOOD, MO.

The kernel of Henry George's theory is a denial of the right of private ownership of land. His expedient for eliminating such private ownership is the single tax.

While admitting there can be abuses, Catholic teaching has consistently maintained through the ages that man has

a right to the private ownership of land and other things necessary and becoming to his welfare. Because of the modern attacks on this principle by Socialism and Communism, the encyclicals of Leo XIII and more recent popes have strenuously defended this right as being based on the natural law.

Henry George himself had a clear realization of the significance of the teaching of the encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, regarding private ownership. On September 11, 1891, he published his *The Condition of Labor, An Open Letter to Pope Leo XIII*, as a criticism of the encyclical. Referring to the papal document, George wrote "its most strikingly pronounced condemnations are directed against a theory that we, who hold it, know to be deserving of your support."

The appeal of Henry George to Leo XIII to reconsider the position taken in *Rerum Novarum* went unheeded. In fact Leo's successors have renewed the emphasis he put on the natural right of man to the private ownership of land. Consequently, it can confidently be stated that the fundamental theory which Henry George sets forth in his work, *Progress and Poverty*, is at variance with Catholic teaching.

Consultation with Teresa Neumann

If priests and nuns consult Teresa Neumann about the future, their work, and so forth, would it be lawful for lay people to do the same?—A.M.

We hope our correspondent is not under the impression that the world-renowned mystic, Teresa Neumann, spends her time giving interviews to priests, nuns, or any other class of individuals. She has not set herself up as a clairvoyant. It appears that she has had from time to time special knowledge revealed to her about particular persons and events, but this must be considered exceptional and not her usual experience during the time of ecstasy. Any revelations which may have taken place must be considered as of a purely private nature and must be judged in the light of the principles which govern the credence which may be given to such revelations. In the ordinary course of divine providence, the future is hidden, and we can be sure that God has not raised up Teresa Neumann precisely to exempt men and women from the uncertainty about the future which is their normal lot during life.

Frequent Confession

1) *What exactly is meant by the term "frequent confession"? Is it once a week, or every two weeks, or once a month? I am a weekly communicant and have been going to confession once a month. Some books which I have read advise against going to confession "too frequently," unless necessary.—M.H., BALTIMORE, MD.*

2) *Why do priests and religious go to confession so frequently?—L.K., PRAIRIE DU ROCHER, ILL.*

1) Taking the expression "frequent confession," in itself, it is impossible to determine its meaning with mathematical exactness. Weekly, biweekly, and monthly confession may each be considered, according to circumstances of persons and places, to be frequent confession.

An idea of the meaning to be attached to the expression "frequent confession" can be gained from a consideration of the canonical legislation on the gaining of indulgences when confession is prescribed as one of the conditions. Canon 931, No. 3, provides that the faithful who are *accustomed* to go to confession at least twice a month unless legitimately impeded, or who receive Holy Communion daily in the state of grace and with a good and holy intention, although they may fail to receive once or twice a week, may, without a special confession, gain all the indulgences for which otherwise confession would be necessary. From this favor are excluded indulgences of the ordinary and the extraordinary jubilee.

The above text distinguishes two classes: (a) those who go to confession regularly at least twice a month, which means every two weeks; (b) those who communicate daily or quasi-daily. For the latter no time for confession is definitely prescribed, but it is commonly recommended that those who receive Holy Communion daily or almost daily go to confession at least once a month.

2) The best answer to this inquiry is found in the Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XII on The Mystical Body of Christ. In paragraph 86, the Holy Father says: "It is true indeed, Venerable Brothers, that venial sins may be expiated in many ways which are to be highly commended. But to hasten daily progress along the path of virtue We wish the pious practice of frequent confession to be earnestly advocated. Not without the inspiration of the Holy Spirit was this practice introduced into the Church. By it genuine self-knowledge is increased, Christian humility grows, bad habits are corrected, spiritual neglect and tepidity are countered, the conscience is purified, the will strengthened, a salutary self-control is attained, and grace is increased in virtue of the sacrament itself. Let those, therefore, among the younger clergy who make light of or weaken esteem of frequent confession realize that what they are doing is foreign to the Spirit of Christ, and disastrous for the Mystical Body of our Saviour."

Including Past Sins in Confession

When one has little matter for confession is it advisable to include grave sins of one's past life?—W. S., LONG ISLAND.

In order to obtain absolution in confession it is necessary to have what is called sufficient matter. The matter of confession is sin, either venial or mortal. Another condition for valid absolution is that the penitent have true sorrow for sin and purpose of amendment.

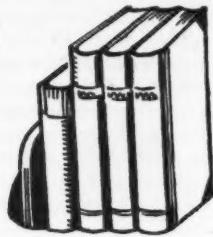
Though sins have been confessed and absolved, they may serve as matter for a later confession. This does not mean that the practice should be adopted of making a cumulative confession at all times. In view of the fact, however, that there may not be sufficient sorrow or purpose of amendment for faults and venial sins which may be the only matter to be confessed on a particular occasion, it is well to include in a general way some sin or category of sins previously confessed and for which it will be quite easy to have sufficient sorrow and real purpose of amendment. In this way all the conditions necessary for a valid absolution and for gaining the special graces of the Sacrament of Penance will be fulfilled.

Life Given to Adam and Eve

If Adam and Eve were originally given eternal life in the form in which they were created, what was the purpose of the soul "breathed into them"?—T. MCD., SCRANTON, PA.

The difficulty here rests upon a misunderstanding. It appears that the inquirer believes that Adam was a living being before he possessed a soul. This is an incorrect view and would make the soul an entirely superfluous entity. Adam did not possess life until the soul created by God was "breathed" into the material of the body which God had formed.

It is also a mistake to think that our first parents were, like angels and the human soul, naturally immortal. By a special gift of God they would not have died if they had not sinned. Because immortality was not due in the natural order to the human nature which they possessed, it is classified as one of the preternatural gifts Adam and Eve enjoyed in their original state of innocence and justice.



Books



PERSONALITY PLUS

By Sheila John Daly. 139 pages. Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00

The talented Daly family continues to hand out those cleverly written tips for teen-agers already received so enthusiastically in Maureen's *Smarter and Smoother*. This time it is younger sister Sheila who whips up some pet ideas garnered from her *Chicago Tribune* column, *On the Solid Side*, and hands out a neat little recipe for personality plus. It's a very school-girlish job and extremely frothy in spots; but this is hardly a liability when it comes to getting a hearing with the bobby-soxers and the coke crowd.

Miss Daly is very serious about this business of being a wide awake teen-ager. With her it is not merely a matter of being able to talk about Van Johnson's latest picture and knowing the words of the top number on the Hit Parade. Delightfully unaware of seeming to "lecture," she makes all kinds of frank suggestions for improving adolescent courtesy, table manners, telephone technique, dating etiquette, and traveling know-how. Coming from one who speaks their own language, these wholesome tips on acquiring charm, poise, and charity, should receive a warm welcome from the Junior Miss group.

MARY E. SHIELDS



Sheila J. Daly

etry. But where the Scottish author wrote of Scotch frailties with humor and pathos, he writes of French frailties with irony and bitterness. And he seems to have gone out of his way to concentrate upon a particularly unlovely and unloving group of people. The only ones who seem aware of any ideal outside themselves are a frustrated colonel, a reformed courtesan, a crippled war veteran, and a shabby priest who believes the saddest thing in the world is that "our religion is so true, but the way we live it makes it seem so false."

Perhaps Mr. Marshall works on the theory of Papini, who long ago declared his wish "to startle modern souls, used to highly colored error, into seeing the truth." Personally, I doubt whether this pessimistic picture of corrupt politicians and exploiting capitalists, of Communist hooligans and cowardly bourgeois, of women who lose their faith almost as easily as their virtue, and of weary priests "dolloping out the sacraments with indifference," will startle many readers into visions of reality. But I am quite sure it will shock and grieve them. And it will do this not because it tells bitter truths—we are all used to bitter truths by this time—but because it finds scarcely any others to tell. Since nothing is more false than a piece of one-sided realism, it seems to me that the book is, at the present moment, a disservice to human nature in general and to France in particular. But it is almost as hard to forget as it is troubling to remember.

KATHERINE BRÉGY

YELLOW TAPERS FOR PARIS

By Bruce Marshall. 294 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.50



Bruce Marshall As an enthusiastic admirer of *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith*, I must regretfully report disappointment in Mr. Marshall's newly published novel. It manages to have all of the faults and few of the virtues of its predecessor. Here is a story of Paris just before and during the recent war, told with Bruce Marshall's characteristic blending of realism and fantasy, of sensuality and mysticism, in a rhythmic prose which hammers upon the memory and the emotions like po-

SLOW DAWNING

By Jane Howes. 268 pages. B. Herder Book Company. \$3.00

The dawning of the light of Faith in a soul is always an adventure, the more so when the Hound of Heaven, for all His "majestic instantly," cannot quarry the prize without a prolonged struggle. The story of that intense pursuit, with the soul at last unable to hide behind the mind's false defenses, is admirably set forth in this refreshing and frank apology of conversion to the doctrines of the Church. It is written by a young woman of intelligence, whose sophisticated college training, self-thinking, and extensive reading, supplied her with all

the answers—that is, until she met Father Brown. The priest proved a worthy protagonist of revealed doctrine in his role as her instructor. Nevertheless, eight full years were to pass before the "slow dawning" of the fullness of light in the soul of this remarkable neo-convert.

There will be some, perhaps, to question the *fullness* of that dawning. This readable summary of a laywoman's appreciation of her newly found Faith, however, is not meant to be a manual of theology. Indeed, it contains many things not found in a textbook. It is a piecing together, step by step, of a living picture of the mind's gradual submission to the force and beauty of Catholic Truth. In any mosaic of this kind we may expect some of the pieces not to have the perfect shade of coloring. For instance, there is a seeming lack of enthusiasm for the Eucharist as the center of Catholic life and worship and the greatest of the sacraments. Occasionally, we find traces of snap-appraisals and labels. But the work as a whole is a distinct contribution to the library of convert literature.

We heartily recommend this book, not only to converts who may be harassed with similar difficulties in entering the Church, but more especially to priests engaged in convert work, for the insight it affords into the initial fears, the intellectual hurdles, facing many an intelligent non-Catholic on the threshold of the Church.

RALPH BALZER, C.P.

THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT

By Merriman Smith. 301 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50



One of the "three ghouls" assigned to the White House beat by the national wire services, Merriman Smith, like almost every other writer who has had a finger in the war pie, has written a book. What makes his tome outstanding is the fact that his on-the-spot, behind-the-curtain story brims over with sparkling anecdotes, humorous happenings, and authoritative accounts of those years when war censorship prevented such factual reporting.

As White House correspondent for

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the United Press, Smith had the opportunity to observe, analyze, and report on the daily activities of both President Roosevelt and President Truman, not only at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue but in more than 125,000 miles of globe-girdling as their press shadow. Three reporters, representing AP, UP, and INS, were assigned to the task of covering the President, and it was FDR, in one of his jocose moods, who laughingly dubbed them the "three ghouls."

Smith's intimate view of what went on behind the Pennsylvania Avenue gates; aboard the presidential trains, planes, and yachts is an enjoyable, intimate, and historically important collection of notes. There are interesting sidelights on the characters and characteristics not only of the two men he was assigned to cover but also of those who came to confer, to dine, and to curry favor.

Judged by the Smith notebook, the job had its fascinating and exciting moments — sandwiched in between long stretches of boredom, waiting, and desperation. As he relates his experiences in a smooth, easygoing, reportorial style you can readily understand how the thrills of the "rat race," as he calls his assignment, more than compensated for its dull stretches.

JERRY COTTER

ANIMAL FARM

By George Orwell. 118 pages. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.75

All England is chuckling over *Animal Farm*. It is as shrewd as one of Aesop's fables and as charming as an Andersen fairy tale. Yet its ruthless satire of Russian collectivism is written in deadly earnest. Orwell is as serious as an FBI agent making a report on an insidious spy ring. Being a very left-wing British Socialist himself, he is especially sensitive to the incongruities bound up with Communism's betrayal of its own ideals. This sensitivity leaves him armed with a pen of unusual piquancy.

There would never have been an *Animal Farm* were it not for a dream which one night gladdened the slumbers of Old Major, a prize boar. In it he learned the words of an incendiary ballad entitled *Beast of England*; before he died Old Major taught this battle-song to all the animals on Farmer Jones' Manor Farm. It gave zest to their revolt against man, their oppressor. And Manor Farm received a new name—*Animal Farm*.

Napoleon and Snowball, two clever pigs, take over the direction of the newly established *Animal Farm*. The principles of animalism are formulated, chief of which is the dictum: "All animals are equal." It looks like the beginning of a new, rosy era for the barnyard rank and file.

But before long, Napoleon, now comfortably ensconced in Jones' home (this out of consideration for the exhausting brain work involved in directing the

revolution), trumps up a traitor charge against Snowball and, with the aid of a vicious canine counterpart of the NKVD, chases Snowball into exile. Then Napoleonic tyranny has its heyday. The principles of animalism inscribed on the barn wall are mysteriously changed during the night, always in favor of Napoleon and his clique. "All animals are equal" is colored by the significant amendment, "but some animals are more equal than others." Back-breaking burdens are saddled on the less and less willing shoulders of the disillusioned small fry. Thinking is discouraged in all save the pigs; bothersome talkers are muzzled into harmlessness; terrorism reigns; and such familiar phenomena as "spontaneous" demonstrations, purges, traitor trials, and abject confessions fit into a pattern which unmistakably suggests a horrible reality in Eastern Europe.

For all its fun-poking, this is not a funny book. It paints a pathetic picture. The pity is that the picture is being repeatedly enlarged.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

TRUTHS MEN LIVE BY

By John A. O'Brien. 427 pages. The Macmillan Company.

\$2.75



John O'Brien

Every major problem confronting humanity today is fundamentally a moral problem. Go into a union meeting hall, a Paris conference chamber, a labor-management council room, a congressional lobby, a courtroom for trying racketeers, or even a home which is crumbling under the weight of selfishness; everywhere you will find progress worthy of men being halted shamelessly by somebody's refusal to accept the truths by which men were meant to live.

Father O'Brien is a fundamentalist. He believes in asking men to look first of all at the basic questions pertinent to man's nature and destiny. Unless they who would stop the dehumanizing forces at work in the world have sound convictions about the existence of God, the need of religion, the freedom of the will, the immortality of the soul, and the role of Christ on earth, all hope of achieving true progress must remain shadowy and tenuous.

So he writes another book of apologetics—and with no apologies. He has no need of making apologies, for while he reaffirms old and oft-repeated truths, he enlivens his account with a wealth of new illustration and arranges his material with an eye fixed constantly on the formidable job of holding reader interest in a not too congenial topic. We think he has managed to handle that job admirably.

EDWARD R. WOODS

THE T SIGN

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER

By Katherine Burton. 273 pages. Sisters of Mercy, Tarrytown, N. Y. \$2.50

For those who would not persevere to read long, documented, definitive biographies, Mrs. Burton continues to produce stories of religious leaders in the popular style. This latest work from her prolific pen is an account of the foundation of the Sisters of Mercy in Ireland by Mother Catherine McAuley, of its establishment in the Archdiocese of New York, and its rapid, subsequent extension throughout the country.

What began as a private mission of mercy became an ever-increasing community of nuns, under the direction of the Irish heiress who used her wealth to help the poor. Founded in 1831, the Sisters of Mercy conduct schools for the poor and middle classes, homes for working girls and retired women of good character, prison relief, and hospital and home nursing. All their aims and ideals are embodied in the words of their foundress: "Speak to God about man; speak to man about God."

In any account of the life of Mother McAuley, whether it be this quick, popular treatment or its opposite, like Mother Austin Carroll's biography, for instance, the reader is repeatedly astounded by the social and teaching psychology employed by Mother McAuley, by her methods which we, a century later, naively imagine to be our own discovery. Indeed, in a society whose moral deterioration is largely the result of educating women as men, we have not even yet advanced to the wisdom of her insistence upon "training girls for home rather than for the parks and ballrooms." FORTUNATA CALIRI

ESSAYS IN RECONSTRUCTION

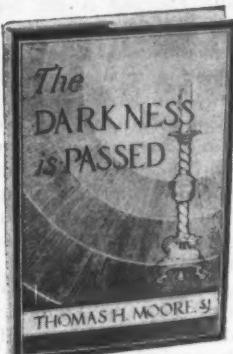
Edited by Dom Ralph Russell. 176 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50
The quotation of only three statements contained in this remarkable book indicates its purpose and scope: "The aim of Catholics should be not only to disseminate Catholic truth but to make it operative in contemporary life." The program for Christian reconstruction "is nothing else than the bringing of Christ's life into every activity and function of man." "The Christian plan . . . must be the restoration of life, livelihood, and recreation on a Christian basis . . ."

In brief, whether the individual contributors to this series of selected approaches to the role of Catholicism in reconstruction are writing about active Christianity as the leavening force in the world, or about Catholicism and English literature, or about the aims of



K. Burton

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youth in peace and war, the recurring emphasis is upon the goals articulated in the quotations above. The ten essays presented deal with the specific application of Catholicism in the fields of education, science, literature, economics, etc., and while England is the focal point of all the discussion, actually the implications are universal.

It is a temptation to urge that this book be made required reading for the present Peace Conference, but it is both more honest and more pertinent to confess that we Catholics everywhere must study and brood over it. For the truth is that the failure, thus far, of our international leaders merely reflects your failure and mine to really know and to live according to the principles established by Christ. That the Editor felt likewise is indicated by his plea in the preface that this compilation "may thus help to remove that crippling dualism by which a man acts as a Catholic only on specific occasions like that of Sunday Mass, while at all other times he thinks and acts on notions accepted uncritically from the catchwords of newspapers, from the cinema, from the propaganda of alien and shallow philosophies, or from the pagan presuppositions, quite contrary to his faith, which surround him on all sides."

This well written and genuinely vital and solid publication outlines some means to "remove the crippling dualism" in Catholics, who will then begin to possess the equipment needed to help restore on this earth the Kingdom of Christ. *Essays in Reconstruction* is primarily a burning and personal challenge to every Catholic of adult years.

ELISABETH ANN MURPHY.

PREFACE TO RELIGION

By Rt. Rev. Fulton J. Sheen. 228 pages. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.50

This book is definitely what its title indicates — a preface, introduction, or invitation to participation in the Life and Love of God, which is what religion should mean to every man. It deftly strikes at the roots of the evil which deters many from a fuller appreciation of God's plans for men. People innately desire the possession of a complete and permanent happiness, but because of various reasons, predominately an ingrained fear of foregoing too many worldly pleasures, many have yet to take the first unfaltering step toward its attainment. The first chapter does much to allay this fear and cogently distinguishes between the pleasures of the good and the good of pleasures.

Though written in a clear and understandable style, with profuse concrete illustrations, it should not be confused

with the ten-easy-lessons types of literature. There are no short cuts to the attainment of happiness in this life or the next; however, in this, his latest work, Monsignor Sheen has cut short and recapitulated in his own inimitable way the tested solutions of the problems which have obscured the path to happiness since the fall of Adam.

Love is the keynote of this treatment of happiness; for it is love for God by God's creature, man, that perfects man and makes for his happiness. As the author states, God does not suffer when man refuses to love Him, only man suffers. It is the total lack of love for God that makes a place called hell; and a negligent love, a place called purgatory. Though "the eye hath not seen, or the ear heard" what is in store for man in heaven, Monsignor Sheen's words on this state of total love rouse in the mind a feeling of awe and wonderment which in itself cannot be described.

FREDERICK PETTY, O.F.M.CONV.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN OUTLOOK

By Mason Wade. 192 pages. Viking Press. \$2.00

This new book by the author of *Francis Parkman* deals with what the French Canadians call the "French fact in North America." *The French-Canadian Outlook*, which is rather brief, is an advance resumé, for the general reader, of a monumental work that Mason Wade has been working on for several years. Mr. Wade, who made wide investigations of the French and the English in Canada in connection with the Parkman biography, went to Quebec in 1943 on a Guggenheim fellowship. Obviously conversant with his subject, he writes with a smoothness and vitality that will probably win a wide reading for his book on the French-Canadians.



Mason Wade

After sketching the settlement of New France in the sixteenth century, the author recalls the highlights of French-Canadian history down to the present. Naturally, the most interesting part of the book is his discussion of the relations between the French and the English in Canada during the present century, particularly during and between the two World Wars.

The conclusion of *The French-Canadian Outlook* is that "French and English will never be wholly one in Canada, but they can come to understand one another." Mr. Wade holds that the problem of the French and the English in Canada "is merely a special case of the great world problem of our time." He says that Canadians and all mankind "must learn to be equal with-



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BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

THE STORY OF LITHUANIA

By Thomas J. Chase, 393 pages. Stratford House. \$3.50

As W. H. Chamberlin

rightly says in his foreword, Father Chase's work "fills a gap in historical literature and deserves a wide reading." The history of Lithuania is, indeed, little known, not only in this country, but also in Europe. That is particularly true with regard to the medieval origins of a state which is sometimes wrongly considered an artificial creation produced by World War I, and also as far as the national revival of the Lithuanian people in modern times is concerned. Both problems are very well presented in this book, and so is the re-establishment of independent Lithuania.

It is, however, regrettable that the internal development and especially the cultural progress achieved during twenty years of freedom received little attention, the author being chiefly interested in the unfortunate Polish-Lithuanian controversies. His anti-Polish prejudice is equally apparent in the main part of the volume, devoted to the centuries of Lithuania's federal union with Poland. The association of both countries was so close, not only in 1569, but already from 1386, that Father Chase, although he tries to minimize that connection and to stress Lithuania's separation, has to include many details of Polish history, not without making some mistakes, for instance in the chapter on the Uniate Church, established in 1596.

Lithuania's terrible experience of the last seven years is admirably described.

OSCAR HALECKI

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THE CHICAGO CUBS

By Warren Brown. 340 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75

In the terse language of baseball writers, *The Chicago Cubs* could be summarized thus: one book, one hit, no errors.

Warren Brown hasn't written a dry history of a baseball team, nor given the readers a mere batch of statistics. He has made most of the old favorites live again—a difficult thing for a sporting editor who has been chronicling the doings of current stars and living exclusively in the present. A great deal of research has gone into the book but there is nothing dusty about the style; and a baseball fan, even if he never liked the Cubs, will get as much pleasure, watching them play in the pages of this book, as he would if he were sitting in the bleachers with his score card, his hot dog, and his bottle of pop.

True there will be nostalgia in his pleasure; but there never was a baseball fan yet who didn't like to reminisce about plays and players. Nostalgia is no more resented by him than is the mustard on his hot dog.

Mr. Brown begins at the beginning and takes the team through their years of triumphs and trouncings down to the immediate present. He has his favorites, of course, his heroes and his "misfits." But there are no villains in his memory.

Only a man who loved the great American game could have written this book. It will be a source book, not only for baseball data, but for those who wish to write of Americans—of the gusto and the intensity and the grand sportsmanship with which they play.

EDDIE DOHERTY

SUN YAT-SEN: A PORTRAIT

By Stephen Chen & Robert Payne. 242 pages. John Day Company. \$3.00
Sun Yat-Sen had a great heart, an unquenchable spirit, and a good head. Unlike Lenin-Stalin in Russia, he was too absorbed in the love of humanity to cause suffering and misery amongst the masses; he sincerely fought for personal rights and the liberties and dignity of his people. He was too big to permit personal aggrandizement and human failures to quench his spirit.

Sun Yat-Sen's bid to greatness lies in his accomplishments. He was the prime mover and spirit that overthrew the Manchu Empire. He changed age-old ideas, tradition, and convention of a whole civilization. He brought new ideas of nationalism, liberty, and opportunity for better livelihood into China. His writings and last testament provide for China the soul of her regeneration.

The authors call this biography a "portrait." An apt term. For in spite of the long-shots and close-ups and action pictures, there is steady focusing on their subject with the spirit of the man ever shining through.

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

SHORT NOTICES

KEYSTONES AND THEORIES OF PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. William D. Bruckman. 230 pages. Benziger Brothers, Inc. \$2.50. Many a harassed student of textbook philosophy and many a dabbler in the works of such modern Thomists as Lagrange, Gilson, and Maritain, is looking for a book like this. It is a compact yet comprehensive handbook giving accurate definitions and short explanations of basic philosophic concepts together with very brief formulations of philosophic theories propounded throughout the centuries. Those technical terms which, even in English works, are so often and (for the author) so conveniently left in Latin are made a little more intelligible to the uninitiated. There is also a kind of Who's Who identifying the big names which serve as landmarks in philosophy.

SAINT CATHERINE OF GENOA. *The Treatise on Purgatory and The Dialogue*. Translated by Charlotte Balfour and Helen Douglas Irvine. 142 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$2.00. For November reading we highly recommend St. Catherine's *Treatise on Purgatory*. It throws light on the deeply theological paradox which enables souls whose suffering is indescribable to be yet happier than all of us who still lumber along earth's highways in our pilgrimage to heaven. *The Dialogue*, also ascribed to her but more probably the work of her godchild, Battista Vernazza, is a series of illuminating conversations involving first the Soul, the Body, and Self-Love; subsequently these give place to the Spirit, the Natural Man, and the Lord. Her terminology is sometimes confusing, but students of ascetical and mystical works will have no difficulty reaping much profit from this celebrated work.

PASTORAL IN BLUE. By Sister M. Charitas, I.H.M. 108 pages. The Scapular Press. \$2.75. This is the story of a valiant woman. And it is told by a Sister with an arresting pen. Without artifice of style or unrestrained glamorizing, Sister Charitas simply relates the inspiring career of Mother Casimir, founder of Marywood College in Scranton and Superior-General of the Sisters, Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in that diocese. A religious for sixty-one years, Mother Casimir never lost the intrepid heart of a pioneer. A story such as this one should make all Catholic readers aware of what they owe to the magnanimous spirit of such religious women leaders and to the unsung heroism of the many zealous Sisters who match such magnanimous planning with a tireless willingness to execute the plans.

Reviewers

RALPH BALZER, C.P., J.C.D., teaches Canon Law at St. Michael's Passionist Monastery, Union City, N. J.

KATHERINE BREY, Litt.D., literary critic, is author of *The Poets' Chantry*.

EDDIE DOHERTY, author of *Gall and Honey*, is a Chicago newspaperman.

OSCAR HALECKI, Ph.D., is Professor of Eastern European History at Fordham University.

ELISABETH ANN MURPHY, Ph.D.: is a member of the English faculty at St. Teresa's College, Winona, Minn.

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Fiction in Focus

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

Lord Hornblower by C. S. Forester

► Here we have still another, and final, round in the long battle between Hornblower and Napoleon. Hornblower is called out of honored retirement to put down a mutiny aboard a brig in the Bay of the Seine. He proves equal to the difficult assignment, and goes on to seize Le Havre for the British. This is a punishing blow to the already tottering Emperor. The war comes to a close, and it looks as if Hornblower's martial days are over. But then Napoleon suddenly returns to France, and for a hundred days holds power. Hornblower is caught in the midst of guerrilla fighting, is captured, and is about to be executed when news comes of the outcome of the battle of Waterloo.

The excellence of Mr. Forester's historical novels is now so familiar as to be taken for granted, hence underestimated. To appreciate it afresh, all one has to do is turn from *Lord Hornblower* to a conventional, contrived, and creaky vehicle like John Jennings' *The Salem Frigate*. Where the latter is obvious and labored, the former is subtle and smooth. While giving Mr. Forester his due and praising the briskness, coherence, and firm character-drawing of his latest work, one must register something less than admiration for the explicit representation of adultery and its depiction as unavoidable and inherently good. There is one especially objectionable passage in which illicit passion is likened to the service of God.

(Little, Brown. \$2.50)

The Sudden Guest by Christopher La-Farge

► This novel begins as an account of the experiences, during the 1944 hurricane, of Carrel Leckton, a moneyed, snobbish, sixtyish spinster summering on the Rhode Island Coast. It soon becomes clear, however, that it is primarily a study of character, with the description of a calamity quite secondary. Ultimately one sees that it is a commentary on our times.

As she prepares her house against the coming of the storm, Miss Leckton thinks back to the last hurricane, that of 1938. So vivid does that earlier day become for her that it is at times, indis-

tinguishable from the present one. She is a selfish, self-righteous person, smug, censorious, and highhanded. On the day of the 1938 hurricane, she insulted and humiliated her niece who, contrary to Miss Leckton's wishes, was about to marry a Jew; she turned away a couple in need; she received with resentment several people who sought refuge in her home. Even at the height of a catastrophe, she could think only of herself; the rights and the needs of others meant nothing to her. Now, in 1944, she has assiduously isolated herself from any human contact, from any invasion of her privacy, from any demands on her, and goes through the storm alone, discovering too late the impossibility of living to oneself and the terrible price of trying to do so.

Unusual in conception, this is a well written and absorbing novel which unfortunately breaks down and becomes diffuse at about the two-thirds mark. For one thing the author there veers away from the telling and skillfully handled device of having everything filter through the mind of his central character. For another, he introduces and exploits Lesbianism, to the detriment of the timely point which he has been making throughout.

(Coward-McCann. \$2.50)

Captain Boycott by Philip Rooney

► Ireland in the 1880's was the scene of a three-pronged battle against British misrule. One prong was that of non-violent resistance; another was terrorism; the third, the clandestine raising and drilling of a native army. All figure in Mr. Rooney's short, crowded, sometimes confused narrative.

The nonviolent weapon is now known as a boycott, after the Captain Boycott, Lord Erne's agent in Mayo, against whom it was first used. The book's chief interest lies in its portrayal of the injustice visited on the Irish peasantry and their formulation and successful execution of the plan to defeat and rout Boycott without the firing of a shot or the perpetration of a single act of violence. Interwoven with this are many strands of romance, intrigue, Fenian activity, and murder and reprisals by the Moonlighters. The style is rather heavy, without the lilt and lustre of

phrase usually found in Irish novels, and hampered by certain mannerisms which become tedious. The author's solemn, perfervid clichés about this or that woman's comeliness are so over-worked as to provoke snickers. A tragic and fascinating subject is here stiffly and ponderously presented.

(Appleton-Century. \$2.75)

The Wall Between by Elsie Oakes Barber

► The author, a minister's wife, mechanically rehearses a difficulty which confronts a lively, nonreligious woman as she tries to adjust herself to the role of a minister's wife. Christy Allen was young, strong-minded, and worldly when she fell in love with Mark Gardner and married him. She did not realize what would be required of her when she went to live in the parsonage of Good Tidings Church, in the slums of a Connecticut city. Between her and Mark there was a wall, not merely that inevitable between person and person, but also that between a man and wife when one is a believer and the other a nonbeliever, one dedicated to a demanding work and the other dedicated merely to an individual. Through experience and suffering Christy learned to surmount the barriers and to stand with Mark on his higher ground.

Well-intentioned and literate, if not profound or polished, this novel is notable chiefly for the extreme vagueness of the minister's belief, the accent on such good works as slum clearance, the half-friendly, half-invidious attitude to Catholicism, and the really astonishing fact of a nonbelieving wife's taking over the administration of a parish during her husband's absence as a chaplain.

(Macmillan. \$2.75)

Janey Jeems by Bernice Kelly Harris

► Homely and wholesome are the words for Mrs. Harris' novels, peopled by poor Southern folks. This one, laid in the Carolina hills, traces a happy marriage from the meeting of the future husband and wife to the death of the former. It is not a full history, but grows more episodic and hurried as it progresses. It is humorous and poignant, redolent of the fine flavor of deep, enduring domestic love, rich with the fullness and variety of a good, if humble and obscure, life.

Janey was scarcely more than a child when she married the upright, ambitious Jeems. She loved him fiercely, and her sovereign concern was his happiness and the achievement of his desire to be his own master. She strove to please him in all things, especially in learning and living the religion to which he was so devoted. Occasionally she fell short of his lofty standards, but she was much more aware of the dangers to their marriage and prosperity than he. She raised a large family of children.

some of them a joy, some a disappointment. At the last, when Jeems had been laid in his grave, she could look back on much happiness with him and forward to reunion with him. This is an enjoyable and uplifting (though not preachy) story for adults.

(Doubleday. \$2.50)

All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren

► Willie Stark was a Southern country boy who rose to the rank of dictator in his native state. The story of his rise and fall is told by Jack Burden, a frustrated young man of aristocratic background who found satisfaction, attainable nowhere else, as one of Willie's henchmen. Willie was ruthless, but he got things done, and many of the things were good. The means he used were questionable; the end far from pure and disinterested; but the by-products were often valuable. And Willie was no hypocrite; he was not one of the old-style, orotund, piously thieving politicians who always kept their crookedness respectable. He was of the people and for the people, and the people were going to be manipulated by him for their own benefit. Burden was disgusted with conventional chicanery, and persuaded himself for a while that Willie and his ways were better. It took him and two of his childhood friends a long, tumultuous time to see the evil of Willie and its inefficacy as an answer to more sedate corruption.

The author has an intriguing idea to present, one important to this country and the world as desperate situations call for desperate remedies and some are, in cynicism or despair, tempted to resort to remedies of whatever sort morally which at least will work. But he has clouded his theme in endless complications of plot, tenuous refinement of thought and recollection, and some weird philosophizing, all of which obscure rather than clarify what he is trying to say. There are some rather nasty passages and a surfeit of offensive talk.

(Harcourt, Brace. \$3.00)

Chloe Marr by A. A. Milne

► Much fancy, coquettish, intermittently clever ado about nothing is the verdict on this. In his most urbane style, threaded with wit, Mr. Milne goes on and on and on about a fabulous beauty, something of a mystery woman, who keeps innumerable admirers dancing attendance on her until finally, when there is no other way of resolving this formless and aimless fabrication, she is killed. None of the swains—old and young, rich and poor, noble and common, sophisticated and simple—whom Chloe enthralled ever wearied of her, but the reader is likely to walk out on her after a few exasperating chapters.

(Dutton. \$2.75)

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Distress At First Sight

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Today for the first time I saw a copy of THE SIGN, and I am distressed that a Catholic magazine would publish such an article as that on Page 9 in "Current Fact and Comment." The name, James Reston, means nothing to me, but he sounds like a New Dealer on the payroll of the O.P.A. There are no farmers around here who feel like Mr. Reston's "Mythical Farmer." The whole article stinks—it sounds like it was written by Chester Bowles himself.

And why should a whole page be given to a letter from the White House? Do you think all Catholics like the man in the White House? I want my religion without politics. Mr. Anderson's "Farewell to Famine"—just a lot of words. He is not doing anything but telling us to eat less bread while wheat is dumped in the fields for lack of facilities to handle it—no labor, everyone drawing twenty dollars a week—why work?

If you want to clean shop, begin with the government. American industry has made the working man the best in the world—until the labor unions were invited to help run our country, the laboring man was well off. Free competition is what made this country great. It has nothing to do with *prices going up*. It keeps prices down. I don't hope to make you see your mistake in publishing all this propaganda, but I do call to your attention that I am one of many Catholics who want the Church to stay out of politics.

MARGARET N. LEE

Frederick, Md.

Wage Increases and Profits

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial comment in the June issue entitled "The Case of the Miners" and "Profits at all Costs" are two of the most thought-provoking articles that I have read recently.

In relation to the arduous work that they are called upon to do and the risk that they take, coal miners are a forgotten group. Except in time of tragedy—and then only fleetingly—do people give these men so much as a thought. We read of a mine accident and pass over it with a perfunctory "the poor devils." But, as you point out, little or nothing is ever done in the way of remedying the situation. We curse the miner when he strikes for safety measures and a welfare fund. Such an attitude must be bitter gall in the mouths of men who

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risk their lives every working day. Management says that everything is being done to improve conditions for their men. Personally I doubt it.

Profits and how to use them correctly are an integral part of the inflammable situation today. I can present no bill of particulars to support my conviction that profits are high enough today without resorting to further increases in prices because of the reported havoc that increased labor costs are raising with profit and loss sheets. Yet we read every day of price increases. It does not make sense in the face of larger net income reports that we read about in the daily newspapers. As you say, price increases in marginal industry are justifiable, but as for the rest—fairy tales. Most of us insist on proof.

Greed for money and then more money is the crux of the problem. Few are the corporations large or small, few are the business men big or little who have the courage to say "my wallet is fat enough."

L. C. MURPHY

North Andover, Mass.

"Strong Commendation"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In commenting briefly on your publication during the last few war years, I have only words of strong commendation. Your articles and editorials strike to the core of the widespread problems of our sick society. Unlike some of the better-known writers of the popular publications of contemporary America, the authors of articles in THE SIGN show unmistakable evidence of deeper penetration in their observations and researches, of more intense reasoning in their application of Catholic principles, of greater contemplation in their preparation as writers "apart" from the crowd. The position of the monthly itself is becoming more Christlike with each issue in that, while not of the world it is definitely influential in the world with positive Catholic leadership and courageous guidance.

GERALD O'BRIEN

New York City

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the splendid articles which have been appearing regularly on the social teaching of the Church. Keep up the good work. Some of your readers, if I can judge by the letters they write in to you, seem to be beyond education in these matters, but those whom I meet (they don't write letters), both in the labor movement and in management, appreciate the articles very much.

J. E. B.

New York City

The Only Way—And The Cross

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

John B. Kennedy's "The Only Way," (in your August 1946 issue) to security and peace is certainly in line with the statement of Pope Pius XII: "In every land, men's minds are being alienated from the cult of violence, as they see in the horrid harvest of death and destruction its deserved condemnation . . . common people ask for nothing more for their life than peace, food, and work."

If the various Papal Peace Plans be regarded as pearls of wisdom, then modern

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Civil war is threatening China. Once again evil forces are making a concerted effort to rend the bonds of unity forged for the permanent welfare of the people of the nation. At this time, more than at any time in history, there should be a real desire to maintain the peace. But agitators will not have it so. They insist that China be nailed to the cross of revolution.

War came to an end. Our Missionaries were joyful. Their one thought was zealous work to garner souls through the saving influence of Christ's Sacred Passion. A bright future loomed for Holy Mother Church in China. Now the future is doubtful. It is our hope that prolonged civil war will be averted; that the diligent labors of our Missionaries will not be curtailed.

We call upon you, dear Members, to increase your prayers and sacrifices to curb the forces of evil, so that God's honor and glory be served in this suffering nation, China.

Father Emmanuel C.P.

Dear Father: Please send me a Christmas bank and enroll me in your Christmas Club for Christ.

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governments for the most part have shown themselves to be swine, by the way they have failed to heed the Vicar of Christ. They have trampled into the bloody mire of global conflict those saving jewels of justice and charity.

But this is not altogether surprising. The Servant is no greater than his crucified Master whose Gospel of the Cross was disregarded by the world as foolishness. As the Passion of Christ was a perfect Sacrifice for the salvation of mankind, and yet lacked something for its full effect, so the Papal Peace Program is a perfect plan for world security, wanting only in practical acceptance by the nations.

"I rejoice now in the sufferings I bear for your sake, and what is lacking of the sufferings of Christ I fill up in my flesh for His Body, which is the Church," wrote St. Paul. According to the Greek Fathers, the sufferings of Jesus, of infinite value in themselves, are wanting only in their application to each succeeding generation of men. This application is accomplished by the sufferings of Christ's followers as in the instance of St. Paul.

Here, it seems, is a possible explanation as to why the wisdom of Peter's Successor was not heeded by the war lords. The Faithful did not refuse to support war. If they had been willing to suffer even martyrdom rather than co-operate in the war efforts of their respective nations, the various governments could not have paid so little heed to the Holy See. Without such resolute refusal to support war, Mr. Kennedy's only way will hardly get beyond the paper stage.

Even prayers for peace, without this proportionate refusal to wage war, have not been notably successful. After all, prayer is not a substitute for action. Rather it is a necessary condition for God's blessing on man's activity; and for God's help where human efforts fail. Progress in any direction is impossible until regress in the opposite direction ceases. The folly of force will bedevil the world until enough men of good will refuse to kill for Caesar.

The Sermon on the Mount, by approving non-violent methods of overcoming evil, is an emancipation proclamation from the age-old slavery of soldiery. Hence the warring common people are justified in refusing to render to Caesar a thing which is not his, namely, the slavery of slaughtering their brothers in Christ.

So it is unreasonable to expect the Papal Peace Program to be more automatic than the Passion of Christ. If even the Sacrifice of Salvation is in some sense wanting, until it is put into practical effect in each age by the sufferings of the Faithful, will the Voice of the Vicar of Christ ever be fruitful in peace without voluntary victims of Caesar's wrath? Judge for the future from the past. John B. Kennedy's only way would turn warfare into welfare, armsbearing into almsgiving, but only if it becomes a Way of the Cross.

(REV.) MICHAEL J. DEACY

New York

Stone Age New Guinea

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you very much for sending THE SIGN. Good idea, that of getting the magazine for missionaries. After battling the day through with pidgin English or the native

language, our brains need some solid refreshment, and THE SIGN can do the job.

This part of the country is known as Stone Age New Guinea. A large population; a climate very much like that of September in America, the same all year round; no malaria and no mosquitoes; this is the New Guinea that very few know. Our station at Mt. Hagen lies 5600 feet above sea level. Morning temperature is 52 F. and evening's about 60. In normal times we need not look at the inside of a can of food; we can live off the land and have fresh meat and vegetables all year round. We grow our own coffee. Wheat has been a failure up to this, but we are not through experimenting yet. Apples can grow here, also oranges, lemons, mulberries, strawberries.

Like pagan man all over the world, the native is steeped in materialism. Chiefs have as many as ten wives and polygamy is the rule. Our hope lies with the younger generation. At Easter I had a class of 33 converts, and 32 last Christmas. There should be a hundred ready for next Christmas. The nucleus for a good mission is here, as we have baptized about 1200 babies in this area. On my last bush trip of a week I had 86 babies in for baptism. 35 one Sunday morning after Mass. Prayer is what we need most. God bless you.

(REV.) W. A. ROSS, S.V.D.
Mt. Hagen, New Guinea

Inconsistent Critics

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

In the September Letters column, a reader mentions his surprise and dismay at your August stand on the OPA because "it follows almost exactly the Communist line on the same subject." This kind of dismay annoys me no end. Why is it that intelligent readers are so slow to realize that Communists are not always wrong and have always been wise enough to campaign for some good social reforms?

Did you ever notice that the same people who grumble about bureaucratic tendencies in our government and keep shouting against its meddling in the sacrosanct realm of free competition are also the ones who lament our meddling in Europe's problems and would like to see us wash our hands of the whole ugly mess? Yet they never notice that they too are thus following the Communist line. The Communist line, like the war of nerves we have heard about recently, would like very much to see the United States pull up its stakes in Europe. Then Comrade Joe could have the whole backyard to himself.

I wish people would not find fault with your forthright editorial stand just because the Communists sometimes happen to champion the good things that you fight for so much more fairly.

ALICE QUINN

Detroit, Mich.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

THE + SIGN

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